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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Government's new Betting Bill, introduced in the House of Lords on Tuesday, will spoil a good many people's Easter holiday. The unco' guid, to whom all gambling is a deadly sin, will not be satisfied. There will be consternation in Dublin and disturbance in the English newspaper world, and the dog-racing fraternity are already gnashing their teeth. The Bill is, in fact, an elaborate compromise. It prohibits tote clubs. It legalises the totalisator on dog-racing tracks, but only for 104 days in the year. It allows small lotteries, at bazaars and so on, subject to certain safeguards; but it puts a complete ban on the big sort, in which, of course, is included the Irish sweepstake. It also bans newspaper competitions on football matches and the like; but we and our readers may sleep easy—the competitions in this journal will remain legal, since they involve the exercise of skill. The Bill is certain to have a rough passage in Parliament.

The Italian Polls

From a democratic point of view, a general election in Italy is a sorry farce. The whole country is one constituency, and the electors' choice is Hobson's choice. They simply vote for or against a list of candidates designated by the Grand Fascist Council. Nor is it to be expected that many will venture to vote against; and actually, in the elections held last Sunday, this bold minority amounted only to some 15,000 out of a total of over ten millions. Of course, the Fascists do not pretend to democracy; they contemn it. But they do, rather oddly, pretend that the result of this poll—a 96 per cent. poll—expresses the popular will and constitutes a magnificent vote of confidence in the regime and the Duce. It is idle, however, to speculate on what might happen under a free system; Mussolini is the master of Italy, and there is no power in the country, even if there were the will, to overthrow him. A question of more immediate interest is the proposal to abolish the dummy Chamber of Deputies by its absorption into the National Council of Corporations, which already exists on paper, and which it is hoped may become an effective body. This constitutional reform will, we imagine, like most things in the Corporate State, take time to carry out. But fortified by the huzzas of his ten million loyal voters, Mussolini will doubtless get on with the business.

Political Tension in France

All visitors to France speak of the extraordinary state of tension in that country. There is a kind of political neurosis which during the last few years has been epidemic in Europe, attacking first this nation and then that. At the moment it is the turn of France. Apart from the universal and perpetual economic incubus, there is no real reason why the French people should have worked themselves into a state of political hysteria. Yet every one feels that at any moment there may be a revolutionary

outbreak. The extreme Right accuses the Communists and the Left of arming; the Communists and the Left make the same accusations against the Right and the "Croix de Feu". The accusations breed a general nervousness which in itself produces just the kind of situation in which some trivial incident may cause an outbreak. The general *malaise* was reflected in the Prime Minister's appeal to the people which he broadcast on Saturday night. The position of M. Doumergue's Ministry has not improved during the last week or two, and it is faced with the unpopular task of cutting down the civil servants' salaries and making other economies. The adjournment has enabled the Chamber and the Deputies to escape the unpopularity of these measures, but that means that it must all be borne by M. Doumergue and his colleagues. At the same time, like all coalitions, the Government has to steer an uneasy course between its critics to Left and Right of it. The rumour that M. Doumergue would like to retire into private life again is scarcely surprising. But the question is who, if he does, will take his place.

Germany's Finances

There has been a big crop of rumours and "intelligent anticipations" about the economic future of Germany, during the past week. The Government have placed a temporary ban on all textile imports; but this does not affect existing contracts. There has, however, been a further cut in the provision of foreign exchange for the purchase of imports; and it is common knowledge that the exchange situation is becoming graver every day. Many people believe that Dr. Schacht is making it graver than it need be, by buying up German bonds abroad at favourable rates in anticipation of a coming devaluation of the mark. That Germany will either go off the gold standard or formally write down the gold value of the mark is the general belief; the latter course is the more probable. Meanwhile, a large programme for the reduction of unemployment is to be financed by borrowing, including forced borrowing from German capitalists; but, if the mark is devalued, presumably a good deal of the cost will in the end be met by direct inflation. For the moment, Germany wants her situation to look as serious as possible in order to extract favourable terms from her long-term creditors, with whom she is to negotiate during the next few weeks. Indeed, up to a point, she wants it to be, as well as to look, serious; for she hopes to shift the burden from herself to her creditors.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Trade Unions

President Roosevelt's settlement of the trouble in the automobile industry does not look as if it could possibly work. Instead of banning "Company Unions," as was proposed in Senator Wagner's Bill, which was believed to have his support, he has put forward a plan for factory committees on which all Unions are to be represented according to their numerical strength. This presumably means that the Company Unions favoured by the employers, the moderate Unions affiliated to the American Federation of Labour, and the new Left Wing Unions which have sprung up of late, will all be expected to work side by side. The employers are to retain the so-called "merit system" of discharging workers, though this has commonly been used as a means of weeding out Trade Union employees; and a Trade Union is not to have a right of protest against dismissals unless it has submitted a list of the members to the employers, and thus given them an excellent indication whom to victimise. It is difficult to believe that this settlement can settle anything, though there may be no strike at present—for the strike threat was from the outset largely bluff. In this case Mr. Roosevelt seems to have come down mainly on the employers' side, with consequences not easy to foresee. The "American Kerensky" (as he is called in the farcical revelations of Dr. Wirt, of Gary, about a plot by the "Brain Trust" to guide America towards Communism by underhand means) does not, however, seem to be in any immediate danger of supervision by the still unidentified "American Stalin."

The Unemployment Bill Again Under Fire

The struggle over the Unemployment Bill was resumed in the House of Commons on Tuesday, when the Opposition again vigorously attacked the excessive powers of the Unemployment Assistance Board. The Government replied with the familiar assertions that there are adequate safeguards in the Minister of Labour's hands, and that the Act is going to be administered in a kindly, not to say generous, spirit. We hope it may prove so; but the fact remains that the Board looks dangerously remote from parliamentary control. A good deal evidently depends not only on its personnel—about which we are as yet in the dark—but on other members of the Cabinet besides the amiable Sir Henry Betterton. Part I of the Bill was, of course, not under discussion; but it was raised in questions as to whether the Government proposed to recommit some of its more objectionable clauses. The Prime Minister refused to give any pledges about this, and the reason seems pretty obvious; the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to announce concessions in his Budget speech a few weeks hence. These are likely to include the restoration of the cuts in benefit, the raising of the children's allowance from 2*s.* to 3*s.*, and the removal of the monstrous debt charge laid on the Unemployment Fund. There is an immense volume of public opinion in favour of all these things, and we hope that Mr. Chamberlain, with his abundant surplus, will not attempt any niggardly compromises.

Women in the Civil Service

The position of women in the civil service may greatly improve as a result of the report of the joint committee of staff and officials, which was appointed to study the application of the principles laid down by the recent Royal Commission. Not only are many more posts, including higher posts, to be opened to women; there is also to be "aggregation" and not "segregation," which means that men and women are to work side by side on the same types of work, and not to be kept apart in separate groups. The question of payment was ruled out from consideration; but plainly, with this principle of "aggregation," there ceases to be any valid, or even plausible, reason for paying men and women at different rates, though there may be a case for introducing for both sexes some system of allowances based on family responsibilities. The committee has also agreed to modify the rule which enforces the retirement of women

on marriage, so that a woman will be able to apply to be allowed to keep her post when she marries; and it is laid down that this new departure is to be a reality, and not merely a formal license that will in fact be hardly ever granted. Of course, much will depend on how the regulations are actually administered, and we do not suggest that all the barriers in the way of sex equality have been broken down. But it will now be a question mainly of ensuring that the new rules are administered in the spirit as well as in the letter, so that a very real and valuable advance does seem to have been made.

The New L.C.C.

The new London County Council is now settling down to work. The Labour Party evidently mean to exploit their victory; but they are not going to run amok, as some feared—or pretended to fear—and others hoped, that they would. The Education Committee has begun by demanding the restoration of the cuts in teachers' pay (which is the Government's affair) and by deciding to restore school prizes, which the Municipal Reformers, in their meanest mood, had abolished. The Housing Committee has scrapped its predecessors' programme, and is preparing its own plans for a more vigorous policy. The Public Assistance Committee will put a stop to the practice of sending married men to residential training colonies, and particularly the detested Belmont. It is probable, too, that there will be other changes in this department, including an overhauling of the machinery of relief in all the local areas into which the county is divided. All these things, and others that are in contemplation, will naturally involve money, and the Finance Committee is asking for authority to increase its spending powers. There is no hint as yet, however, of the fulfilment of the awful prophecy of the M.R.s that rates will be doubled!

Waterloo Bridge

What has excited most interest is the Labour Party's proposal for dealing with Waterloo Bridge. The building of a new bridge is not a new idea; it was their predecessors' original plan, which was only abandoned under parliamentary pressure and on its being made clear that a sufficient Government grant could not be secured. In reviving this plan for a bridge to take six lines of traffic (at a cost of £1,295,000, of which 60 per cent. would come from the Road Fund), Mr. Morrison will have, at any rate, no active opposition from the Municipal Reformers, and he believes that the House of Commons and the Government will be more favourable this time. Its adversaries are, in the main, those who want to keep Rennie's bridge on aesthetic grounds, and those who believe that a new Waterloo Bridge will put off to the Greek Kalends the larger project at Charing Cross. The L.C.C.'s answer is that the widening of the present bridge would be a false economy; that ancient monuments must not be allowed to block urgent practical needs; and that the Charing Cross scheme, estimated to cost some £12,000,000, is out of the question at the moment. We hope, however, that it will not be out of the question indefinitely. London wants the bridge at Charing Cross, with all the improvements that it involves on both sides of the river, alike for use and for beauty.

The Coal Problem

The new Coal Mines Bill, which will come up for discussion after Easter, is said to command the support of a majority of the colliery-owners. But there is an energetic minority strongly hostile to the proposal that coal destined for export shall be exempted from the quota regulations. Sir Adam Nimmo stated the case of the critics in Tuesday's *Times*. He holds that the exemption of exported coal from regulation will undermine prices and jeopardise the benefits arising out of Mr. Runciman's trade agreements. He wants a general quota system, applying to exports as well as to domestic coal, with separate quotas for the two types. But he is strongly against compulsory amalgamations of collieries, and advocates leaving the productive side of the industry alone, while controlling sales under a compulsory system. He also urges the public ownership of royalties and other mineral rights; but he does not face the point that the form of control that he favours gives no assurance of efficiency, and no real safeguard that the claims of the consumers will be respected. The consumers' claims, in his view, will not become important for some time yet, because "the average level of prices must rise substantially before a reasonably profitable basis is reached." This is hardly encouraging for the consumer, who is inclined to suspect that this rise might not be necessary if the industry were properly organised.

The Traffic in Arms

There was some liveliness at the annual meeting of Vickers last Monday, and Sir Herbert Lawrence, the chairman, had a troublesome quarter of an hour with his shareholders. Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., again raised the point first brought out in the House of Commons that Vickers were advertising tanks in the German press. She produced evidence, including a letter from the advertising manager of a paper, to refute Sir John Simon's statement in Parliament that the paper in question had a large public outside Germany. It appeared, in fact, that less than 800 copies went abroad. The advertisements, said Sir Herbert Lawrence, were designed for "their old and valued clients" in South America. The effect of this confession was somewhat spoilt by another shareholder observing that, if this were the sole object of the advertisements, for the same expenditure each of the old and valued clients outside Germany could be sent two circulars in his own language instead of one advertisement in German. Of course, nobody accuses Vickers of not playing fair according to the rules of the game. But what is the game—this game of private traffic in arms? Asked point-blank by Miss Rathbone to deny that Vickers were secretly rearming Germany and Austria, Sir Herbert replied: "I cannot give an assurance in definite terms of that nature, but I can assure you that nothing is done without the complete sanction and approval of your own Government." The shareholders were thus left with the comforting knowledge that if their company were aggravating the danger on the Continent, it was with the full support of the British Cabinet.

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THE B.B.C. AND ITS CRITICS

THE B.B.C. has been making heavy weather lately, with the winds of hostile criticism buffeting it from every quarter. Much of the criticism is natural, healthy, and undeserved. Man is by nature a grousing animal, and your Englishman is a grouser of grousers, as we all know. Fifty years ago "the Government" was practically the only public safety valve for grumblers, but Sir John Reith provides us with one which is infinitely better than the worst government. A man must be a poor creature who cannot turn on the wireless and find something in the programme to grumble at within half an hour. Nearly all the criticism of the B.B.C. which complains that this or that or the other is included in its programmes—that we do not want Mr. Churchill or Mr. Ferrie or jazz or Bach—is this kind of natural, healthy, undeserved criticism and should be ignored by its directors. In fact, one of the chief counts against Sir John Reith and the controllers of B.B.C. policy is that they obviously do not ignore it; that they get into a fuss because five Mr. Smiths in Balham objected to Professor X's lecture on economic materialism in the Andaman Islands, or five Mrs. Joneses in Barnstaple could not abide Beethoven's Grosse Fugue. The mere fact that Sir John Reith can say that he keeps in touch with "public opinion" by the letters which listeners write to the B.B.C. shows what a curious state of mind he must be in on this subject. Every editor who has not lost his nerve or his intelligence knows that the letters of the people who do write to him, either in praise or abuse of particular items in his paper, are no safe criterion of the opinion of those who do not write. And what is true of the selected public opinion of newspaper readers must be still more true of the enormous clientele of Broadcasting House.

The staff of the B.B.C. has the best qualities of the British civil service. It is honest, conscientious, high-minded, competent; it has a real sense for public service. But it also has most of the defects of a good civil servant. It is fussed and hurt by the kind of criticism which it ought to ignore; it ignores the kind of criticism which it ought to welcome. Sir John Reith and his staff know exactly what it is good for us to hear and, even more, what it is good for us not to hear—and there is an end of it—just as the first-class civil servant is always absolutely convinced that he, and he alone, knows the wishes of the Almighty with regard to all those matters which are ordained to be dealt with in his particular department of State.

The result is that the B.B.C. is becoming a characteristically British civil service department for public entertainment, uplift, patriotism, and instruction. It is one of the cleanest and most competent broadcasting services in the world. Technically it is second to none, whether one considers the clarity and purity of its transmission, the punctuality of its programmes, or the hearty, but gentlemanly, voices of its announcers. In fact, if it goes on developing on its present lines, it will become a kind of composite *Times-Punch*—Coliseum—Church of England—Public School—Charity Organisation Society—Workers' Educational Association. It will thereby have achieved something, no doubt, remarkable and eminently British, but it will also have missed an opportunity, which only comes once or twice in a thousand years of human history, of achieving something much greater and more difficult, a forward step in civilisation.

Take, for instance, the question of democracy. Democracy all over the world is in danger of its life. Our Government, all "respectable" people, the directors of the B.B.C., profess themselves determined to defend democracy in this country, and no more powerful weapon for doing so exists than the B.B.C. Lord Allen of Hurtwood the other day remarked that broadcasting had suddenly brought back an electorate of 30 million people to the condition of a Greek city state, "whereby through the instrument of wireless a statesman can speak directly and personally to every elector." It is an illuminating remark. The wireless provides the most important essential for an educated democracy, which has never existed since the destruction of the Greek city state. Not only does it permit the statesman to address every citizen directly, but, if properly controlled, it makes it possible for every point of view to be placed before the people, for any and every important question to be publicly argued and discussed. But it is only necessary to make this bald and simple statement in order to show that the present policy of the B.B.C. is hopelessly undemocratic. Really "controversial" subjects are banned and anything which is judged by the Director to be "extreme" or disturbing is censored. Thus Mr. Churchill on one wing and the hunger marcher on the other are not allowed to broadcast, and the Fascist and the Communist would both be banned unless they toned down their views until they were indistinguishable from those of a conservative middle-aged gentleman discussing politics with a genteel hostess in a South Kensington drawing room.

Nineteenth-century Liberalism was destroyed because it was betrayed by Liberals who either had no real convictions or had not the courage of them. It is the timidity or treachery of democrats which in the same way is destroying democracy. If Broadcasting House used broadcasting as the instrument, servant and instructor of an educated democracy, firmly based on complete freedom of discussion, the B.B.C. would suddenly come alive again. Its awakening from the coma of stuffy respectability into which its controllers have lulled it would, of course, not be entirely painless. Sir John's letter-bag would be full of complaints that Mr. Smith was outraged by the expression of this or that opinion, and that Mrs. Jones was so shocked by Mr. Y's talk that she is not renewing her licence. But Sir John and the directors of talks would have to clench their fists, set their teeth, and make up their minds to brave this kind of "public opinion." Let them remember that it is the essence of democracy—in which, we know, they firmly believe—that everyone should listen to, and even consider, opinions which he does not hold and views which he does not like. And if some of the Mr. Smiths and Mrs. Joneses have not yet learnt this first lesson of democracy—tolerance—would not the B.B.C. be doing some service to the country and to the world by gently helping them to learn it?

If the B.B.C. is to perform this service, its present policy will need to be altered radically. That policy to-day suffers from being autocratic and personal instead of democratic and open-minded. The B.B.C. is heavily class-biased, from the composition of its Board of

Governors through its staff down to the censorship of its talks and the tone of its entertainments. It is bourgeois, both politically and culturally, in the worst sense of that much-abused word. From the point of view of democracy, that is a fatal defect at a moment when the class war is raging and the only hope for democracy is to show that it can be without class bias in the midst of such a war. Everyone who has done any broadcasting on subjects which may ruffle political feelings knows that the staff exerts every effort to get the speaker to say nothing but what will go down with the middle-class suburban conservative, or at any rate, nothing which will offend him. The working classes, Labour, the view of the class-conscious proletariat—all these are entirely unrepresented in the B.B.C., which acts as if they do not or ought not to exist. It is significant that Sir John Reith's apologia the other day was made to a private meeting of Tory M.P.'s; it is almost inconceivable that he should have made it, say, even to the T.U.C.

The class bias of the B.B.C. is equally evident and disastrous in its non-political, non-intellectual programme. The English *petite bourgeoisie* has many good qualities, but it is uncultured, barbarian, Philistine. In its music, for instance, the B.B.C. follows the standards of this class. We do not criticise it for including an immense amount of jazz and tenth-rate music. But it has steadily decreased the amount of really first-class music in its programmes until now one is lucky if one can listen on one or two evenings in a week to a minor work of a great composer. Here again there is no evidence, except perhaps Sir John's post-bag, for believing that the standards of British democracy and of the B.B.C. must be those of middle-class, conservative, suburban drawing rooms. At any rate, there is no future either for civilisation or for the B.B.C. in those drawing rooms.

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE poverty of post-war Austria created an inevitable enmity between the country and the town; now the peasant has conquered the townsman, and the priest the freethinker. It is as if ignorant brutality and crooked coercion were king and queen of Austria to-day. Though the state of affairs is at present less terrible than the result of the Nazi Revolution in Germany, it is, perhaps, in some ways more nauseating. There is not, as it were, a torture system, based upon the principle that the heroes of a national resurrection should persecute "Marxists." But it is now incontestable that, apart from the inevitable beatings and plunderings of the first days after the fighting, Socialist prisoners have been more recently beaten by the police in order to extract information from them. In the hierarchic circles of those to whom Cabinet Ministers confess, inquisitorial methods of the kind are indeed regarded as indispensable. Physical is, moreover, subtly linked with clerical and economic pressure. Though the "new Austria," according to official statements, is to ensure freedom of conscience and belief, the Dollfuss Government is determined to stamp out the free-thinking element which it rightly regards as the backbone of Social Democracy. So the wife of an imprisoned Socialist is told that her husband will not have so bad a time in prison if she lets the children be baptised into the Catholic Church, while one hears of priests who demand from "converted" Socialist children that they shall inform against their parents at confession. Official relief for those reduced to destitution by the events of February, and by the prodigious number of Socialist dismissals since, is usually made in one way or another to depend upon conversion. Indeed, people will tell you rather uncomfortably that there is a great religious revival in Austria to-day; Socialists, who feel obstinate but not heroic, are going either into the Old Catholic, or the Protestant, Church. It should be noted, perhaps, that Protestant and Nazi are almost synonymous in Austria.

In all the suffering and ruin, the most tragic thing is the destruction of the municipal life of Vienna, the finest achievement of European Socialism. The old City Council, together with its doctors and teachers, is in prison, awaiting trial. The municipal flats are being shabbily repaired by Labour Service men at a cost of about 400,000 schillings, and the new Commissioner of Vienna has announced that the presence of "unrepentant enemies of the State" will no longer be tolerated within them. There was an inscription on each great block of flats to indicate that Seitz had built them out of the proceeds of the building tax; "Let Dollfuss add that he shot them down out of the proceeds of the lottery loan," the people say. Up and down the staircases one sees "Murderers of the Workers" scribbled in between swastikas, and where the Government has put up notices, something that looks like blood has been smeared over them. In the provinces there was less to destroy; only in Styria is the situation, in a different way, equally catastrophic, for in the country of Wallisch the Government can only hold down the Socialists and Nazis by frank terrorisation. The concentration camp in a cinema in Bruck, where a machine-gun on the stage is levelled at the Socialist prisoners, is becoming notorious.

And now, what is the outcome of the February fight up to date? Contrary to many expectations, Fey and the Heimwehr have gained neither laurels nor strength. The Schutzbündler were defeated by the Army, not by the Heimwehr, and before his recent visit to Rome Dollfuss placed the Army not under Fey, but under Prince Schönburg-Hartenstein, upon whom he can rely. (The part played by the Army sharply distinguishes the Austrian from the German story.) The Heimwehr, moreover, is bitterly disappointed because most of the jobs are going to the Christian Socials. The Clericals have, of course, been pushed more to the Right, but Clerical Fascism, based on the Encyclical of 1931, is a much less drastic affair than that practised in Italy or Germany, or advocated by Fey and Stahremberg. Immediately after the days of February, the employers were cock-a-hoop; now the case is quite different, for the rights of the workers, with regard to wages, hours and negotiation, have not hitherto been infringed. The Socialist Trade Unions are suppressed, but the Christian (i.e., Catholic) Unions remain; these are quite as tenacious of their professional rights as the others, and the Socialists are crowding into them. One of the greatest grievances of the Right was the large contribution an employer was compelled to make towards social insurance. Although none of these things is settled (one is tempted to wonder whether things are ever "settled" in Austria), it is said that employers are to be relieved, and the deficit made up by increasing the turnover tax. This should mean a rise of prices, by which the public as a whole would pay what used to be the employers' share; but if prices now rose people simply could not buy, so that the employers themselves would seem likely to pay the increase in turnover tax. They are also incensed by the Government decree ordering them to take on one man from the Defence Corps for every twenty-five they employ, for even if they manage to dismiss a Socialist, it probably means an incompetent, in place of a competent, worker. Easter is to bring a new, but merely provisional, constitution, which shall pave the way to the final achievement of a Corporative State on a *Quadragesimo Anno* basis. It is thought that the Heimwehr will be somehow ranged with the Christian Social Troops (of which the "Ostmärkische Sturmscharen" are the most important) in a "Wehrfront" to draw them away from political activities. Whether the bitter rivalry between Heimwehr and Clericals in the provinces—in Innsbruck it is particularly violent—will thus be alleviated, remains to be seen.

For the time being, the Dollfuss Government, for all its anomalies, is, as an executive force, stronger than it has been since March, 1933. Otto of Habsburg hoped the Ministers would call him in to cover their discredit, but the need has not yet arisen. The Vatican and the Quirinal are full of favours. Just for the moment, Germany, faced with the Rome Agreement, has climbed down, and Hitler has removed Habicht. The Austrian Nazis are conspicuously cheerful only in Styria, which has for some time presented a picture quite different from the rest of Austria. While deserters to the Heimwehr may, at another time, easily be won back, and may even be deliberately penetrating the Heimwehr, the Nazis have been humiliated by the fact that the Socialists really fought and died, while they had nothing but paper bombs to throw. It is also an embarrassing fact that, whereas the Styrian Nazis took an anti-Socialist line, the Viennese Nazis were against Dollfuss, and some even fought with the workers. The Nazis are, however, busy helping destitute Socialist families who often prefer Nazi to official help—this is especially true of Linz, the old Nazi headquarters before the party was suppressed. Thus the Nazis may be said to be materially weaker, but numerically stronger and, like the Socialists, they are waiting to exploit the next opportunity, whatever it may be.

It can scarcely be questioned that considerable numbers of Socialist workers are going over to the Nazis, and to the Communists, who are distributing Russian money to the destitute. Many Socialists, also, with a shrug of the shoulders are going back to mass and joining a Catholic Trade Union. Some Government circles are anxious to conciliate these moderates, and Dollfuss himself has arranged for Labour papers, such as the *Arbeiter Sonntag*, to reappear under the direction of people who are still genuinely on the Left, but rigorously overlooked by authority. It is, of course, far too early to judge how these things will develop, and the Heimwehr influences behind the Government are pressing for a rough and vindictive policy which will prevent any sort of compromise. This element, against the wishes of the Church, vetoed mercy to the wounded Schutzbündler immediately after the fighting, and there are signs that it is making itself felt again; the first sentence passed in Vienna last week condemned a Schutzbund man to six years' imprisonment, though he threw his arms away before the amnesty was up. Earlier sentences, at Wels, for instance, condemned people for months, not years.

If the exhilaration of the days immediately after the fighting has waned a little, and the terrible pressure of hunger has made itself felt, the spirit of many of the Socialist workers is still amazing. In Steyr, for example, where unemployment has long exceeded all Austrian limits, though nearly all the men are in prison, their wives will tell you with what courage their husbands have faced every adversity. Each Government execution has given the people a local legend; if Bruck had its Wallisch and Floridsdorf its Weissl, there was Bulgari in Linz and Ahrer in Steyr, and each died with "Long live Socialism" on his lips. How different from Germany! And illegal organisation is at work in the hope that the Austrian workers will yet free their German comrades.

While the Dollfuss Government may be said to have become mechanically stronger, it must be the best hated authority in Europe. There is a current joke to the effect that Dollfuss has 90 per cent. of the people behind him, because 10 per cent. in each of the nine provinces support him. In some of the Viennese schools where the children have been forced to buy "Patriotic Front" badges, they arranged among themselves that the Nazi children should wear them at one angle, the "Sozis" at another, and the patriots at a third. The question arises as to whether one is to support Dollfuss in holding down the Austrians, or approve the only alternative which is immediately real—a Nazi drive. It is a horrible dilemma, but any sort of Nazi success, while substituting an out-and-out terror for clericalism at home, would bring war appreciably nearer abroad.

Vienna, March 25th.

MANAGING ON THE DOLE

[We are indebted for this document to Miss Rose Macaulay, who has handed it to us with a guarantee of its authenticity. The writer is the wife of an unemployed man with three children, in a small seaside town. Though she suffers from bad health, she contrives now and then to make a few extra shillings by charing. But this is only occasional, and the budget below is her normal one, comprising the bare unemployment benefit.

Her MS. was not designed for publication, but was simply the result of a request for information as to how she managed for herself and her family "on the dole." It shows the difficulties and hardships of their life, even with so exceptionally good a manager as Mrs. B. obviously is. We print the document exactly as we received it, without any alteration or corrections.—ED. *N.S.&N.*]

It is a very trying, and sometimes despairing task for the housewife to keep her family well-fed on the amount allowed her on the Labour Exchange; but if she is a good manager, it can be done, and all the little weekly accounts kept paid up-to-date.

Take for example, the family of five, i.e. husband, wife, and three children. There allowance will be, 15*s.* 3*d.* the man, 8*s.* his wife, and 2*s.* each child, thus amounting to £1 9*s.* 3*d.* per week. The scale drawn up at the end gives an idea of how best to lay out the money, for the most necescary items.

A good plan is to first pay the rent, insurance, and the doctors club, as these are very important items, and should be considered first. Next get half a cwt. of coal, and 3*d.* firewood. Coal is a penny cheaper when you fetch it from the yard, instead of it being delivered. You may not have a fire in Summer, but save it for cold weather, when you need more, and may not be able to afford it.

At the present moment, bread is 4½*d.* per new large loaf, but new bread is not good for adults or children, and a "yesterday's" loaf is 4*d.* at any baker's. Here you may save 1¾*d.* in a week. A family with medium appetites will use 14 pounds of potatoes in a week. These cost 1*s.* The man who sells his own vegetables, will generally let you have a nice cabbage or marrow for about a penny or 1½*d.*, and a nice little mixture of carrots, onions, etc. for stews, for 3*d.*

It is impossible to give the children the full amount of milk they need, but they can have milk pudding three times a week. Meat is always a problem, but if children have vegetables and gravy, with a good nourishing pudding after, they need little or no meat, and an unemployed man does not need so much as one who works hard all day.

These are a few suggestions for cheap but satisfying dinners. Quite a nice little piece of beef can be got for 1*s.* 6*d.* if you reason with the butcher. Have potatoes and cabbage with this, and finish with a tapioca pudding. Next day, have cold meat and potatoes mashed with margarine, followed with plain suet pudding and treacle. If there are a few little pieces left, they can be used for cottage pie with a little corned beef to make up. Get a ¼ lb. with the 2½*d.* in hand. A marrow with this would be nice, and prunes with custard after.

Six pennyworth of neck of mutton with the mixed vegetables, and a few dumplings, with two Oxo cubes added is very good. A pudding is not really needed with this, unless the children clear any remains of cold pudding.

Shin of beef cooked in the oven makes good gravy for the children, and six pennyworth should do the adults two days. Have boiled rice and the rest of the prunes for pudding. One day will not hurt any of us to be meatless, so have the Symingtons Tomato Soup with mashed potatoes, and make an extra big plum pudding. Of course this means currant pudding.

Make a few buns with the remaining bits of flour, currants, eggs dripping etc. just as a treat for tea. The money will not allow for all butter to be used, but mix with equal parts of margarine to make it go farther, and eat margarine with syrup.

This little list will provide the family with meals each day, even if you have got an empty cupboard at the end of the seventh day, which is far better than an empty stomach. Lots

of people are using sweetened milk now, as it is cheaper, and needs very little sugar.

We are very thankful to get the Dole, and every wife should do her best to make it go as far as possible, and not waste what other poor folks may be glad to have.

Expenses.

	s.	d.
Rent	10	0
Insurance	1	0
Doctor's Club ..	1	0
Wood & Coal ..	1	4½
Gas	2	4
Bread	2	4
Vegetables	1	6
Groceries	6	3
Milk		9
Meat	2	6
	£1	9 0½

Balance 2½*d.*

List of Groceries for 6*s.* 3*d.*

	s.	d.
½ lb. Tea		5
2 lb. sugar		5
½ lb. butter		4½
1 lb. margarine		4
3 tins condensed milk ..		9
½ lb. rice		2
½ lb. Tapioca		2
3 lb. Flour		4½
Pkt. suet		4
1 lb. currants		6
Tin Syrup		5
1 lb. Prunes		6
Pkt. custard		1½
4 Matches		3
3 cooking eggs		4
Bar Soap		4
1 lb. soda		1
1 Candle		½
2 Oxo cubes		2
1 Symingtons soup ..		2
	6	3

A. B.

NOTES—AND QUERIES

We've read, marked, learned the British Note,
And that which France has sent to Britain;
And all unbiased minds will vote
That both were most politely written.
Suave, shrewd, and circumspect—
However nugatory in effect.

Yet when the times are out of joint,
Though statesmen feel a satisfaction
In scoring a debating point,
Their peoples, clamorous for action,
Can find but little thrill
In triumphs of the diplomatic quill.

To claim a right to stand aside
From European conflagrations
May soothe, perhaps, a national pride
That jibs at binding obligations;
Yet fires being apt to spread,
We'd rather help to put them out instead.

And those in France who most delight
To see perfidious Albion baited
With subtle sophistries and slight,
Might count such triumphs over-rated
Should logic in the end
Leave France consistent but without a friend.

MACFLECKNOE

THE EYE

As we grow older, most of us look back a little sadly on a life of talents unused, of faculties atrophied. Darwin confessed that the price he paid for his concentration on science was the atrophy of the poetical side of his nature. There have been poets, no doubt, who were equally neglectful of their scientific gifts. Some men have sacrificed the body to the brain; some have allowed the brain to fall into disuse while developing the body.

How many men, I wonder, have made all the use of their eyes that they might have made? We are often told that observation is a gift that can be perfected through training, yet thousands of people can walk down a street or along a country lane and observe almost nothing. There are other faculties of the eye, however, besides observation, which very few of us even attempt to cultivate. The magnetism of the eye, I am sure, is as important an aid to success as observation, yet I doubt whether one human being in a hundred gives it sufficient practice to preserve it from atrophy.

I have just been reading a little book, *The Human Wireless*, by Mr. H. P. Maskell, which contains a valuable chapter entitled "The Magnetic Eye and the Tentacles"; and it seems to me that with this book in their hands the younger generation will have less excuse than my own for allowing the faculties of the eye to fail through lack of employment. "Magnetic eyes," as the author says, "are an asset too valuable to be neglected," and he not only impresses upon us the value of the asset, but describes a number of exercises by which the magnetism of the eyes can be strengthened.

One exercise strikes me as being peculiarly promising of worldly success. "Without blinking or moving the eyelids, open the eyes as widely as possible. Move the ball rapidly from left to right, and then up and down several times. Rest for a moment; then roll the eyes in a circular movement." After a week's practice of this exercise any tolerable-looking young man should be able to get a job as a crooning tenor in a dance-band. Another exercise is: "Stand in front of a looking-glass in a moderate light. Open the eyes as widely as possible, so that the whites of the eyes are visible above the ball. Keep them in this position for one minute." Having seen yourself looking like this even for a minute, you will begin to wonder whether you were not born to be a dictator.

We need not confine our practice of ocular magnetism to the home, however. We can practise it on strangers in the street or in the restaurant. All we have to do is to stare fixedly at someone a few yards away—even at the back of his head—and will that he shall turn his head and look at us. "Try this in the train," we are advised, "with someone sitting at the opposite corner of the compartment. After a few seconds he or she will begin to fidget, and then will turn round with a look of inquiry or surprise. If you find him staring at you look steadily, not directly into his eyes, but at the bridge of his nose. After a moment, he will relax his gaze, and turn away, more or less in confusion." This trick looks very promising on paper, but suppose the other man has also practised magnetism of the eyes and, instead of turning away in confusion, begins to look steadily at the bridge of your nose as you are looking at the bridge of his. What happens then? Do you count it a draw and shake hands? Or do you transfer your gaze from the bridge of his nose to his equally unprepossessing ears and smile meaningly? There is always the danger in these staring matches that the other man will think you are trying to insult him and will assault you in return or, alternatively, that he will believe he has been shut up with a lunatic and will pull the communication cord and insist on your removal from the train.

My own advice would be, when among strangers, to keep the magnetic eye as far as possible for purposes of defence. Do not stare magnetically at the bridge of a man's nose if he is doing you no harm; but, if he menaces you in any way, then by all means let your magnetic rays begin to play upon his nose like a searchlight. We have the assurance of the author of *The Human Wireless* that "the penetrating glance mentioned above, when the gaze is fixed, coolly and steadily, not directly into the eyes of an opponent, but in the middle of the bridge of his nose, is a very potent aid when resenting an insult or averting a threatened attack. To the offender," we are told, "the effect is as if you were piercing into his very soul, and he generally retires discomfited." Schoolboys will now know how to behave when a master is about to cane them.

They will only have to look fixedly at the middle of the bridge of his nose to see a miracle happening. The cane will fall from his palsied hand; he will blush a deep crimson; and, in less than a minute, he will be slinking out of the room like a dog that has lost its master's favour.

The ordinary magnetic eye, however, is only the A.B.C. of the business. If you want to influence people really powerfully, you must acquire the "tentacles"—"a much more subtle device for bringing others under the influence of thought vibrations." In order to do this, you practise on some such object as a pepper box at a distance of about ten feet. You imagine two lines advancing from your chest till they encircle the object and then bringing it "nearer and nearer to you, so that it will be within your reach." A second exercise is to send the imaginary lines direct towards the object so as, apparently, to push it farther away. After you have mastered this art, "you will discover that you have grown two supple limbs or claws of incredible length—invisible, it is true, but none the less very effective indeed for certain purposes."

You may ask, "What purposes?" The ordinary man, after all, can get at the pepper more easily by asking for it or walking over to it than by imagining that he has seized it with tentacles issuing from his chest. The real object of the exercises, however, is to gain control over other human beings. You can use the tentacles, like the magnetic eye, in restaurants for example. You see somebody sitting with his back to you a few yards away. "Send out the tentacles to grip him by the neck, and bend them so as to draw him to you. When he turns his head, study your programme or evening paper, apparently oblivious to his existence, but keep up the tension." He will not suspect what is happening, but he will gradually become interested in you and may even come over and ask whether he has not met you somewhere. The author of *The Human Wireless* assures us that he has formed some valuable friendships which began in this manner. He warns us, however, that "the experiment may end in a less satisfactory manner in the case of two individuals who are by nature repellent to each other." He does not say exactly what happens when you find that the man whom you have gripped by the neck with your tentacles is a notorious blackmailer with an evil glint in his eye and the strongest pair of invisible tentacles in London.

It is true that we are told how to repel undesirable people with our tentacles as well as how to attract likeable people. But can we be sure that the repellent people will not, instead of being repelled by our tentacles, grip us with theirs? You are sitting in a train, for instance, and seeing a loathsome-looking person near you. The author advises you, in such a situation, to send out the tentacles in a straight line. "Visualise them," he advises, "as two sharp spears pricking him and pushing him from you. He will grow more and more fidgety and restless, till at last he will make some excuse to leave, and will edge away to the other side of the compartment." But will he? I am a little alarmed at the prospect of a world in which restaurants and railway compartments will be crowded with people, some of them gripping you by the neck with their tentacles and others of them pushing and pricking you with theirs as with spears. Surely in such circumstances any man of spirit dining in a restaurant would rise up and begin to throw plates about. He would not mind whether one of them hit a man who was gripping him by the neck or a man who was pricking him as with a spear. He would feel that a restaurant was no place for the practise of psychic tentacles and would march from table to table, looking fixedly at the bridge of the nose of everybody present till the last tentacle-owner lowered his eyes and slunk away in shame, leaving a hungry man to dine in peace.

It is only fair to say that the author does not believe in the existence of such dangers as I conjured up. He believes that in the matter of projecting tentacles good men will nearly always get the better of bad. The bad have not enough vital energy to grip you by the neck in a restaurant with psychic tentacles. "Vicious and ill-natured persons," he declares, "exhaust their vital energy in brooding and other enfeebling habits." In case any evil-minded person should think of employing the tentacles, however, he issues a warning. "Providence," he says, "has a strange way of intervening with startling results. Only with clear minds and pure hearts can we dare to face the regions of the unseen world."

Well, here is a talent which, whether through wickedness or through idleness, I have never been able to use. My telepathic tentacles, I am afraid, are by now as incapable of growth as my caudal appendix. If they were not, what a sensation I might be able to create at my hotel during the Easter holidays! I must leave it to younger and better men, however, to develop these latent capacities. But let them not practise on me. I am tentacle-proof when sitting before a dish of saddle of mutton in a good restaurant. Y. Y.

CANOEING IN ENGLAND: SOME ENGLISH RIVERS

FOR more than fifty years I have been exploring the rivers and canals of England in skiff or in canoe, and am naturally glad to see that the sport is becoming popular. There is no better way of seeing the beauty of England and discovering her secret places.

The half-forsaken canals have a beauty all their own, and they lead you, on their meandering "summit levels," through country more remote from man than any road or footpath or smaller by-lane ever does. For it is the business of a canal to connect rivers by crossing watersheds, and all canals begin by climbing up a river valley side by side with the river and then, when near the valley head, leaving it and striking across the hills to the head of another valley and so descending to another sea. And it is when they are crossing the lonely uplands of the watershed of the two rivers—when they are winding for mile after level mile along the same contour line, with no locks, seeking no village, with nothing to disturb their peace, aloof from man—that they bring you through empty places you never dreamed could be in England.

To paddle for twelve, or even twenty, miles (as you may do upon more than one of these summit levels) alone among the hills is to enjoy something which is not quite like anything else I know. To walk all day among the remotest mountain-passes of the Pyrenees is not more heart-uplifting.

When I first used canals it was that I might get to the upper waters of some river by boat instead of by train and then come down that river and so be travelling always by water, and this is still an attainment to be aimed at by all who plan canoeing expeditions, and (though many canals have died and more are dying) this sort of combined canal-and-river tour can still be achieved in a dozen different combinations. Yet though canals are beautiful in themselves and useful as connecting-links, no canoeist will long, I think, be satisfied with canals alone, but will presently be ambitious to launch his canoe as near to the source of some mountain river as there is enough water to float her, such as Usk or Wye or Teme or Eden, and so come down that river, shooting its rapids and enjoying its pools, till it reaches the sea or till he comes to some point whence he may conveniently transport his canoe by road or rail to some other river or canal.

(To reach the upper waters of such rivers it will almost always be necessary to take your canoe by rail, and I may here make the practical suggestion that the best way to travel Canadian canoes by rail is in an empty milk-van. The new German *Folt-bots*, or collapsible canoes, which can be packed into hand-luggage, of course save considerable cost in transportation, but I have always used the Canadian and have carried them across country in every sort of vehicle from motor-lorries to farmers' gigs.)

Perhaps the first river you should so attempt would be the Severn, and from no higher than Welshpool, which is about fifty miles above Shrewsbury, and from thence to Gloucester, nearly another hundred. It will give you just enough rapids to get your hand and eye in training and just enough excitement to make you wish for more.

For when you have done the Severn from Welshpool I am quite certain you will want to do it again from higher up

from Newtown or even from Llanidloes. And then you will want to do the Wye—a most lovely river, at first from, say, Hereford, which gives you nearly seventy miles of perfect scenery to Chepstow and quite a lot of rapids; and then from Rhayader, which gives you another twenty miles or so of mountain scenery and some astonishing rapids and is the highest I have ever been on that river, though I know a man who has done it from Llangurig. And then you will want to do the Usk, which is as lovely as the Wye, from Sennybridge; and then the Teme from Ludlow, easy enough but very pleasant; and then the Eden, perhaps the loveliest of all, from Kirkby Stephen to Carlisle; and then the Ribble from Settle, a river that surprises you here and there; and the Wharfe from Kettlewell, a trout river of the moors; and the Lune, from I forget where and cannot put my hand on my old maps at the moment to remind myself; and then—well then there will still be plenty more to choose from and by that time you will be a confirmed canoeist and ready to attempt anything.

But not till you reach that stage do I advise you to attempt the Teifi. The Teifi is a little river which rises up by Strata Florida, north of Tregaron in Cardiganshire, and runs down past Lampeter and Llandyssil and Cenarth into the sea just below Cardigan town. It is only fifty miles long from source to sea, and when I say it runs I speak politely. It does run, here and there, but mostly it falls, leaps, somersaults and hurls itself down ledges in a rather alarming manner to the canoeist who first attempted it. It cannot very well help itself, for in those fifty miles it has to drop some two thousand feet.

It has been done, in a canoe, so far by only half a dozen persons since the dawn of time (for I am quite certain that no Briton's coracle could have survived those falls), and if any who read this should attempt it I wish it to be clearly understood that I disclaim all responsibility. It is a very fascinating river all the same. The best place to start from is Pont Llanio.

W. B.

Correspondence

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

SIR,—Your pedigree under "Contents" is intriguing, but being one who goes somewhat further back and subscribed to the *Leader*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenaeum*—only one of which features in the printed genealogy—as well as having been a regular reader of the legitimate—and possibly otherwise—offspring, I crave a line.

You wrote, editorially, in the issue of March 24th, that Messrs. Thomas, Simon, MacDonald "for all practical purposes are ordinary Conservatives." May I voice the view, held by many, though you will fiercely deny it, that the present "National Government," especially when the Samuelites were in it, but even since then, has been most definitely tinctured by Liberalism, and that, thanks to a "National Government," that party is exercising an influence out of all comparison with its strength at the polls?

United University Club, SENEX
Pall Mall East, S.W.1.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

SIR,—Is the press of this country paying honest and impartial attention to the evidence which is being offered to the public of the present condition of India? The Simon Report, in the shaping of which Indians were allowed no part, was given all possible publicity, and remains, for many minds, the accepted measure for prudent liberality of action. The White Paper, which is regarded in certain political quarters as a dangerous concession to undesirable influences, has received plenty of publicity. But no publicity whatever has been given to the exhaustively complete Report on the Condition of India, made by the Delegation sent out to that country by the India League in 1932, and now published by *Essential News*.

During its work of investigation in India all possible obstacles were thrown in its way by the Indian Government, even to the extent, in some cases, of prosecuting, for breach of the Ordinances, those who dared to give it information. And now that the Report has been published in this country, an almost complete boycott has been instituted against it in the press. Much of its material, though well documented, is no doubt controversial in character, and in the main hostile to the case officially put forward for the proposed Reforms. But is it just or honest, in the face of so great a problem, to ignore—because of its controversial character—this weighty pronouncement from the Indian side, and to keep the British public in ignorance of its existence?

As a more forward statement, from the Indian standpoint of Indian conditions, it makes the proposals of the White Paper seem rather over-moderate than over-conceding; and for that reason alone its consideration at the present juncture is of political importance.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN,
46 Lancaster Gate, W.2. President of "Friends of India."

EDUCATION IN GERMANY

SIR,—Little attention seems to have been paid to the changes recently introduced in Germany in the system of admissions to the Universities, Hochschulen, etc. Besides limiting the total number of students to be admitted in 1934 to about 20,000, no more than 10 per cent. of this number shall be girls. Further, the Oberpresident, who has been made responsible for the issue of the certificates which will enable the student to be admitted to the University, is compelled by a circular to consult the respective district leaders of the Nazi party organisation about the political reliability (*Zuverlässigkeit*) of the applicant. This evidently means that not only intellectual capacity for higher studies, but inability for independent thought is going to be the criterion for University study. Jews, Socialists, Liberals, pacifists and other undesirable elements, can now hope for no University education in Germany and will have to remain content with the Gymnasium or the Realschule.

D. D. KARVÉ
69-1 Yerandawna, Poona.

FAIR EMPLOYERS

SIR,—I hate to disillusion "A Student," but his idea was thought of years ago but has never proved really practicable.

Many employee's organisations possess Black Lists with the names of firms that give their employees "a raw deal"—but the law of libel makes it impossible to impart this information, even to members, except in strictest confidence, and when the firm in question is specifically named as offering employment.

Unfortunately the limited liability company has replaced the individual employer and is devoid of his benevolence to a very large degree, and the number of "bad" employers has accordingly increased in recent years.

The reasons are easily understood. A company is only floated after all the cream of the proposition has been carefully removed—the public being given the skimmed milk liberally diluted with water. To make the proposition pay a dividend every device for cheapening labour and driving hard bargains is employed, and a director of an industrial company is valued for his skill and cunning in making profits at the expense of labour.

I was, till recently, a director of a manufacturing company, but incurred grave dislike because I tried (1) to get a fair rate of wages for certain piece-workers; (2) to abolish unpaid overtime of clerical staff; (3) to resist cuts in wages. I was forced to resign and now sign myself EX-DIRECTOR

THE AFRICAN CHIEFS

SIR,—I have derived so much pleasure from Mr. Driberg's too infrequent writings in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that I am sure he will not mind if I say that in writing about Tshekedi in your issue of January 6th, his remarks about the constitutional position of the African chief are open to considerable misconstruction. Mr. Driberg talks about "indirect rule" in Bechuanaland and maintains that Tshekedi has abused his constitutional position. It seems to me more accurate to say that he abused the constitutional position which he would have had had he been a chief before the advent of European administration. But my real quarrel is with the use of the phrase "indirect rule" in connection with Bechuanaland. In the South African Protectorates as, until recently, in Northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland, the policy has always been to "use the chiefs" in administration, and this policy has resulted in divorcing the chief from his people and from his council. It is a thoroughly bad system, and I agree with Mr. Driberg that searching investigation should precede radical

changes. Indirect rule, on the other hand, as interpreted by Lord Lugard and Sir Donald Cameron and as established in Nigeria, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, and elsewhere, aims at restoring the chief to his constitutional position in the tribe. It requires that Bantu constitutional practice, long encrusted by European administration, should be revived as an instrument of local government. I admit that this aim has not always been achieved; but it seems a pity to confuse an old and highly unsatisfactory policy with the comparatively new and sound policy of indirect rule. All that Mr. Driberg says about the abuse of the chief's power is abundantly true of government "through the chiefs." But it is not true of indirect rule. Let me assure Mr. Driberg that this is no mere quibble. Under real indirect rule Tshekedi could not ignore his council, and if only the Colonial Office would take over the High Commissioner's Protectorates and introduce indirect rule we could look forward to their future with more confidence.

Bloemfontein, L. MARQUARD
South Africa.

UNDER-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION

SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. J. A. Hobson makes yet another statement of his theory that trade depressions are due to over-saving without bringing forward any new proofs or facts to support it. He seems to have taken a leaf out of Major Douglas's book, which, of course, is the basis of all propaganda, that is, if one keeps on repeating a statement, however lacking in truth, after a time people will believe there is something in it. Mr. Hobson really seems to regard saving and investment as synonymous. But investment cannot cause unemployment nor lessen the demand for consumption goods; it increases both. On the other hand, during recent years in Great Britain, savings (according to Mr. Collin Clark) have exceeded investment each year by some £300,000,000. There can be no doubt this is the cause of much of our present unemployment. The problem is really how to get the volume of investment to rise. Lord Melchett recently gave it as his opinion that the reason for the lagging of investment behind saving was that the owners of the savings, in large part, did not know how to invest. Savings are now made more and more by the lower middle and working classes largely through building societies and the like. But investment, if it is to enlarge production, must be in the form of ordinary shares, and the new investors will not buy them. If this be true, then the greater equality of incomes, which Mr. Hobson desires, will have the opposite effect to that which he expects. Greater equality of incomes is, however, desirable for its own sake. It follows that a new class of investment is necessary if otherwise uninvested savings are to be diverted from merely putting up the price of gilt-edged securities. The Central Electricity Board has provided recently an excellent example of this type of capital investment, which is self liquidating, imposes no financial liability on the Government and directly promotes the fuller employment of the factors of production. Many other similar investments are possible if we would only resolve to make them. C. C. GARRARD

"Dennington,"
Somerville Road,
Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett includes my book, *Lawrence and the Arabs*, among the "very rubbishy books written to exploit the story commercially"; says that it is not serious or to be taken seriously, and links it with Lowell Thomas's *Lawrence of Arabia*, as providing "'Uncrowned King of Arabia' gossip-column stuff."

May I explain to your readers that *Lawrence and the Arabs* is a critical biography, written in carefully moderated language and compiled from authentic sources indicated by T. E. Shaw himself? These include the original unexpurgated version of *Seven Pillars*; memories of his intimate friends, and of his military superiors, including H.M. The King, Sir Henry McMahon, Lord Allenby, Colonel Allen Dawnay, and Sergeant Pugh of the R.A.F.; answers by T. E. Shaw himself to a number of specific questions—he read nine-tenths of the book in typescript and authorised its publication—and several of his letters. By gossip-column stuff, I suppose Mr. Garnett means anecdotes. The book contains plenty of anecdotes, because T. E. S. is an anecdotal character, but no "uncrowned King of Arabia" stuff. It gives, however, the same kind of critical appreciation of the strategical problems involved, which Mr. Garnett so admires in Capt. Liddell Hart's new book. In fact, Mr. Garnett quotes practically nothing from Capt. Liddell Hart which does not appear in some form or other in *Lawrence and the Arabs*. The one anecdote which Mr. Garnett singles out for special mention occurs also on page 328 of my book. This is not to suggest that there is nothing new in Capt. Liddell Hart's book (which I have not yet seen): there must be plenty. Capt. Liddell Hart is a professional writer on modern military topics, and several new sources of information about the Arab revolt have become available since 1927. It may even be that T. E. Shaw has now been persuaded to divulge more of his tactical schemes with armoured cars and light machine-gun camel raids than he was willing to do in 1927 (see pages 414 to 418 in my book). All I mean to suggest is that if Mr. Garnett had done his job well he would have indicated clearly what was new in Capt. Liddell Hart's presentation of the campaign, and what was not.

However, I don't feel that Mr. Garnett owes his readers an apology for these misrepresentations, unless he is prepared to claim for his weekly contributions to your pages a higher rating than "gossip-column stuff." And who could quarrel with the phrase "very rubbishy stuff, written to exploit the story commercially" when it, or another to the same effect, was used by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the *Daily Mail's* literary columnist, to dismiss Mr. David Garnett's recent biography of Pocahontas, the Uncrowned Queen of America? ROBERT GRAVES

Deyá, Mallorca.

[Mr. Garnett replies: Mr. Graves and I agree in not rating each other's work as highly as we do our own.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE PSYCHOLOGIST AND THE LAW-BREAKER

SIR,—With much that Dr. Harry Roberts says in your issue of March 17th I agree, and if he will refer to the preface I wrote to the book he quotes, he will see that I am almost as reactionary as he is. But the vast majority of "law-breakers" are dealt with by the unpaid magistrates. By reason of their advanced age, among other things, the "habits of thought" of these justices are remote from those of the men and women, and boys and girls, brought before them. And the question as to what proportion of those who are convicted are in truth guilty, or, if guilty, have had a fair trial, is irrelevant in appearance only. SOLICITOR

ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—The letter signed by Lt.-Col. H. P. Garwood in your last issue incites me to protest at his conclusions. First, what he calls the "curious horse-power taxation" is far from bad as he suggests, in fact this tax has caused the development of the light car in Britain. We now lead the world with the light car, which is coming into increasing use overseas.

As an owner and driver of motor cars since 1896, I have been a user of 40–60 and 90 h.p. cars, and I say most decidedly they could not compare in safety on the road with the most efficient and quick accelerating virtues of the modern light car such as the 8 h.p. Ford, a most wonderful little vehicle, and in the more expensive class, the 12 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley; their safety and road worthiness are not exceeded by any big car. S. F. EDGE

"Dentdale,"
Beacon Hill,
Hindhead, Surrey.

BERMONDSEY UNEMPLOYMENT CENTRE

SIR,—May we bring to the notice of your readers an immediate need, and a practical way of responding to the appeal for service to the unemployed?

In comparison with the widespread distress in the North and in Wales the figures for London do not strike the imagination. But in the small area of Bermondsey in south-east London there are approximately 6,000 unemployed men, besides the many thousands only casually employed round the docks. For some of these, mostly the younger men, Time and Talents Guild, which has worked in Bermondsey for over thirty years, has taken part in an occupational centre during the past eighteen months with cobbling, carpentry, recreation, and so on. The present scheme will come to an end in April and the work will close down unless money is forthcoming.

Time and Talents is asking for £500, which will enable the centre to be carried on for a further year, and will also allow for much needed extension of the work for the increasing number of men who wish to be received. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, R. A. W. Dent, Esq., 84 Chester Square, S.W.1.

VIOLET A. TRITTON,
President, Time and Talents.
ESTHER MARCH-PHILLIPPS,
Chairman, Time and Talents.
BARCLAY BARON.

ANIMALS' PLAY

SIR,—In connection with the interesting article by Mr. H. E. Mellersh on the subject of "Animals' Play," it appears to me that the reason why humans continue to play throughout their lives while most mammals cease when they attain maturity is that the human is partially free from the concentration of all his activities upon self-preservation. Play exists for the young animal as a training for the serious business of protecting itself and finding food. The more free from economic necessity a person is the more the need for play. Nor is this primarily because of increased leisure and opportunity, but rather, I think, because of the greater psychological necessity to give satisfaction to the urges inherited from their ancestors, who had to hunt or starve, to find their outlet in field sports. The fact that dogs, freed from the problem of finding food, invent games for themselves when quite old, would bear out this explanation. FRANK SCARLETT

4 Park Crescent, W.1.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—The following incident was recently related to me on good authority. At a progressive school one of the boys poured a cup of tea down a master's neck. The master promptly cuffed the boy soundly. He was informed by the Principal of the school that he had ruined the fruits of two years' work. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story; but on the assumption that it is correct, could Mr. Raymond Mortimer kindly say what the poor man should have done? Was he to trust to the "system" to prevent such an occurrence being repeated? A system, be it noted, which after two years' effort had failed to avert such a disgusting breach of all the canons of civilised behaviour. C. H. TREMLETT

King's School,
Bruton,
Somerset.

AN EASTER CONFERENCE

SIR,—The spectre which haunts Europe to-day is war, and that negation of democracy and individual freedom known as Fascism. The old Europe with its riches, its flourishing trade, its bold conquests for power and security has been badly shaken, so that in the Europe of to-day we have impoverished masses of people, discouraged and weary of the economic struggle to make ends meet, their countries criss-crossed with high tariff walls, and each occupied solely with its own affairs, too distraught to pay heed to the things of the spirit, and tormented with the suspicions of wars and still greater catastrophic upheavals.

We speak of internationalism; but how many of us make any serious attempt to consider the meaning covered by the term? The word itself has a brave sound to most of us. It sets us thinking of a better understanding out of which shall arise co-operation between free and equal peoples: a system of society based upon the use value of commodities as against the present profit values. No one can understand the character and needs of the modern world who has not first grasped the significance of the events happening throughout Europe to-day, and still more their terrible potentiality for war and the desperate collapse of civilisation.

To avoid the threat of war and Fascism, the degree of understanding to face the problems of the modern world can only be met by individuals coming together and discussing these problems in the light of their own national difficulties. For such work the "Oaklands" International Centre, at Hildenborough, Kent, is established. It is a large country mansion in beautiful grounds, where young men and women from all countries can gather together for discussion, lectures and debates, and the living of a social life full of varied interests and work, and which makes for closer co-operation to work with all organisations in the fight against war and Fascism. We would welcome any of your readers who are interested in the problems presented in Europe to-day to the Centre for Easter, when a special programme of lectures, discussion, music, etc., has been arranged, or for any other week-end. They will be certain of a welcome, while their co-operation is needed. (Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, International Hostel and Language Centre, "Oaklands," Hildenborough, Kent. Tel.: Hildenborough 122.)

JAMES L. GRANT

Miscellany

SMALL TALK AND GREAT

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has just said farewell to our theatre, but it is unlikely that our theatre has said farewell to him. I am confident that, after a short interval, his plays will be continuously revived: not the earliest, for these, with their generous sprinkling of irrelevant epigram, belonged essentially to an Edwardian mode of smartness, as Mr. Coward's early pieces belonged to the Fifth Georgian mode, and may have vanished with their period for ever. But the later plays, or some of them, with their universality of theme, economy of style, and refusal of any extraneous decoration, may be the choice of posterity for inclusion in the canon of representative English plays. Meanwhile there are to be no more, unless Mr. Maugham decides to use that tiny loophole of escape (or re-entry) which he has left in his valediction. He holds that writing for the stage is a young man's business, a generality which receives support from Sheridan and Congreve but scarcely from Shakespeare, if we accept the general Elizabethan view that forty was a ripe old age. He also, and with far more justice, attacks the tyranny of modern "realistic" dialogue, whose alleged realism he doubts and whose limitations he laments.

In the preface to the fifth volume of his *Collected Plays*, just published by Messrs. Heinemann, Mr. Maugham complains that:

> The present mode in dialogue debars the writer from introducing into his play people who express themselves in an educated manner. It may be true that the English are tongue-tied, but are they so tongue-tied as the dramatists nowadays pretend? Listen to the conversation of barristers, doctors, politicians, parsons, and you will find that they speak quite naturally in a way that on the stage would certainly be thought stilted. Stage dialogue has been simplified out of all relation with life but that of the cocktail bar. It is a pity the fashion of to-day prevents any reference on the stage to the great subjects of human life and the most profound thoughts of human things. It is to this, I think, that may be ascribed the childishness with which the continental critics often charge the English drama.

Mr. Maugham proceeds to suggest the reintroduction of dialogue which "does not reproduce the conversation of the day and only vaguely represents it, but is deliberately and significantly formal."

Mr. Shaw, as we all know, has never conformed to the realistic regimen. His characters continue to enjoy their creator's unique and refreshing eloquence. Another modern dramatist, Mr. Ashley Dukes, successfully persuaded audiences of our time to put up with style, but it is doubtful whether he could have done so if *The Man with a Load of Mischief* had worn serge instead of silk, and trousers instead of knee-breeches. But now even history must mutter in the clipped vocabulary of the cocktail bar, and it is probable that any dramatist who essays a verbal flight must expect a critical charge of pomposity. We were right to be rid of the Wardour Street stuff in costume plays and to call a horse a horse instead of a palfrey. But is modern slang the proper substitute? I agree with Mr. Maugham that our theatre is grossly wasting the ample and noble resources of the English language.

In that the stage is being once more the abstract of its time. Whatever benefits our modest dose of universal education may have conferred upon the public mind, it has certainly not liberated, it has even put in bondage, the public tongue. A comparison between a Chartist manifesto and a Communist

leaflet of to-day is fatal in point of style to the latter, which has nothing but a stale vocabulary of flat and ugly Latinism. One of the most majestic documents of revolt ever composed was the manifesto of the Naval Mutineers at the Nore (1797): the lower deck of to-day has far more education, and far less vocabulary. Rhetoric is almost a dead art: it is usually prefixed with the adjective "empty," though there is not the slightest reason why rhetoric should of necessity be empty. It may be still, as it often was, the application of a full style to copious argument (*copia* was considered by the Romans to be an essential of eloquence), and it is ridiculous to forswear all the arts of speech because arts are often reduced to an easy artifice. Theatrical rhetoric presumably went out because it was bad rhetoric, but that is no reason for declining to restore rhetoric to its old place on the actors' platform. At the same time, a restoration would involve the training of actors to deliver it; of such there may be few nowadays, since a fine diction has but little commercial value. The French theatre, despite the incursion of realistic modernism into some of its little and left-wing theatres, has retained its tradition of rhetoric very much to its own advantage. I am not saying that we ought to have a deluge of rhetoric on the stage: only, that there should be room for at least a reasonable trickle to remind us of the richness, flexibility and music which our language contains.

When broadcasting was first introduced one might have thought that here was an opportunity to revive the strength and variety of the spoken word. But rhetoric is not wanted "on the air." The speaker is a talker, and his talk is carefully pruned of anything resembling a purple passage or even of an unusual word. I do not dispute the tactics of the B.B.C. officials, who usually know their job a great deal better than do their multitudinous and random critics. Wireless discourse must slide into the room easily, like another voice in the conversation. That is the doctrine approved by experience, but it certainly has not helped us to renew the fainting splendours of English speech.

I do not suggest yet another Society, that for the Rediscovery of the English Language; though there are times when I wish that the drafters of Labour Party leaflets could have the advice and aid of some such corporation. It is my business only to consider whether the theatre can do anything to assist the honouring in practice of our verbal heritage. Mr. Maugham inclines to believe that prose drama is coming to an end. "The dramatists have wilfully cast aside the ornaments that made their plays an entertainment for the eye and ear. The desire for verisimilitude has resulted in an intolerable dullness." He has notions of a return to poetry, not blank verse, but perhaps "a quick, running metre like that used by the old Spanish dramatists." It is noteworthy that music and scene are nowadays employed by the playwright to suggest an atmosphere which he dare not attempt in his verbal contribution. He does feel the need of more fancy. In *Richard of Bordeaux*, for instance, the prose seemed to be deliberately kept flat in order to avoid any suspicion of Wardour Street pretentiousness: poetry had to creep in by way of scenery and costume, which were plainly too good to be true by any canons of realistic probability.

It may be said that there can be no revival of style in dialogue, fine talk, and mounting tirade unless the audience demands it. But does an audience ever demand anything? By its nature it is a listening, not an articulate, body. What it can do is to offer passive resistance to style, a policy which can be extremely expensive, and so fatal to those who would reform our theatre's vocabulary and forms of speech. The reform, if it comes, will do so through the efforts of small bodies with small followings: that was how the realistic reform arrived: the New Drama of subtlety had to do much sapping and mining on Sunday nights before it supplanted the late Victorian desire for the obvious situation and the stilted speech. But now, as Mr. Maugham with justice complains, the reform has over-reached itself. It did its job of clearing away a dead tradition of pomposity, and it did it so thoroughly that dramatists are now afraid to introduce any phrase or passage which might not be overheard in a bus. A change will come in time, costly and difficult as it may be for the pioneers. Mr. Henry Ainley once said to me, "The theatre changes every five years." I think he over-rated the pace of alteration. But change it does, and markedly; let the doubter only read a middle-period Pinero and then a late-period Maugham. And since we have reduced the prose-drama almost to monosyllabic mutterings, the obvious direction of reform is towards the use of a more generous vocabulary and of an idiom that is not in chains to conversation. The only escape from small talk is to great. But I give it ten years.

IVOR BROWN

UNDER THE TREES

I WAS reading a book
About old things,
When a flutter of wings
On the high trees
Drew me out of my room,
And as I unresisting lay
Under the green boughs
Shaded from the keen sun,
I loved the thought
That I was alive this day,
And not when starched kings
And frail queens with storm-torn looks,
With narrow brows held in low crowns
And gem-besprinkled cloaks,
And long eyes and large stare,
Lived in the gloom
Of painted room,
And passion swirled around them
Like blood fresh-shed.
And so with my unfinished book
As pillow to my head,
Unregretting the dead,
I mused away,
While the birds I love
In a commingled throng
Sang through my dreams
Their heedless song.

S. SUHRAWARDY

PRELIMINARY CANTER

PEGGY'S hair was so thick that she had to wear it in two plaits instead of one; so long that when she sat down and let these fall over her shoulders their ends curled up in her lap. Nell, whose own hair hung lank and short about her neck, was never tired of playing with them, pushing a finger in and out between twists so sleek and smooth that they felt like a rope come alive.

The two girls were in their favourite place, the hayloft. For here, if you pulled the ladder up after you, nobody could follow you; though you could see what was going on in the yard below: the men with the horses and carts, or customers taking a short-cut to the shop. But you were quite safe from the other girls; and that was what she and Peg wanted—to be alone together. The others teased so that it made you simply furious. F'r instance, once when Peggy said she'd ever so much rather have had fair hair than dark, and she, Nell, cried out at her, the other girls pulled faces, and winked, and turned their eyes up to heaven till you could have killed them.

Here, she and Peg sat with their behinds burrowed into the hay, most comfortable, and all alone.

To-day was rather a special day; for Nell had something in her blazer-pocket so secret and important that it almost burned her through the stuff. This was a present for Peggy, and . . . well, now the moment to give it had come, she was feeling just a teeny bit uneasy. How dreadful if Peg didn't like it . . . after all the trouble she had had to buy it. Her pocket-money—she got threepence a week, got it honestly, not

like one girl they knew, who sometimes sneaked a threepenny-bit from her father's till under the old book-keeper's very nose. Well, for three whole weeks, she, Nell, hadn't spent a penny of *her* threepence: instead of at once blowing it in chocs . . . chocolate-pipes, gone a little whitey with age and very hard, but twice as cheap because of it. (By now she had almost forgotten what they tasted like.) And with these savings she had bought Peggy . . . a hair-slide. Ninepence-halfpenny the exact price was, and she had been fairly stuck how to raise the extra halfpenny without waiting another week. In the end there had been nothing for it but to pinch a stamp from her father's desk, and then sell it.

This slide was now in her pocket, neatly wrapped in fine tissue paper. But the longer it stayed there the more unsure she grew. The point was, it was intended for a place on Peggy's head . . . well, for the one piece of her that wasn't *quite* as pretty as the rest. This was at the back of her neck where the plaits went off, each on its own side. They seemed to leave such a big gap of white skin showing . . . perhaps because they were so dark themselves. Peggy, of course, didn't know this—you couldn't see yourself behind—but she, Nell, did; and every time the patch caught her eye, it gave her a slight stab that there should be *anything* about Peg that wasn't perfect. Once, too, she'd heard Madge Brennan make a simply horrid remark about people who went bald very young. Peggy didn't understand, but *she* did, and bled for her. It was then she'd made up her mind to get the slide.

Another worrying thing was that she'd been lured away from the plain, useful one she had gone into the shop meaning to buy, and had taken one set with . . . diamonds. Not *real* diamonds, of course; but they looked just like it. And now she was afraid Peggy might think it too showy for everyday. And not know how to explain it either to her dreadfully big family of brothers and sisters, most of them older than her. They said such rude things sometimes. And her mother, too. One evening when she, Nell, had been waiting in the rightaway, hoping, yes truly, only hoping Peggy would be allowed out again after tea, the mother, a great big fat woman with an apron over her stomach, had opened the window and called out: "Now then, Nellie Mackensen, just you be off! I will not have you always hanging about here at meal-times." As if she had wanted their old tea! Her own mother said Peggy's mother was cross because there were so many of them and she'd so much to do. But it did make you rather wonder what she'd say to the diamonds. (Perhaps she'd throw them out of the window.) Oh dear, things were most frightfully complicated. It would have been much better, she saw it now, if she'd bought, say, a nice little diary-book, that Peggy could have carried in her pocket.

But she hadn't. And the slide was there. Faint-heartedly she drew it forth.

Peggy, who had been talking all the time—Peg's pretty mouth was always either talking or laughing—spotted the little parcel at once and said: "Hullo! . . . what's that?—For me? A present for me? Truly? Let's see! Oh, Nell, you dear! . . . a brooch . . . just exactly what I've wanted."

Nell felt herself go red as a beetroot. "Well, no, not a *brooch*, Peg," she said in a small voice. "It's a . . . it's for your hair . . . behind . . . a hair-slide."

Peggy's enthusiasm fizzled out. "A slide?" she echoed, disappointedly. "But . . . what for? Wherever could I wear a slide?"

The fatal moment had come. Nell swallowed hard. "Why, I thought . . . you see, I thought it would look most awfully nice, Peg, if you . . . put it on at the back . . . I mean on your neck . . . where the hair leaves off."

But all Peggy said, and as disbelievingly as before, was: "On my *neck?* Gracious! I should never be able to make it stick. Besides, every time I moved my head it 'ud run into me."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right. But whatever made you *think* of a slide, Nell?" pressed Peggy, and reflected peevishly: just fancy going and buying a thing like that, when there are such squads of things I really do want.

Nell's voice was abject with apology as she replied: "Well, you know, Peg darling, I've always meant to give you something—something private . . . for yourself . . . from me. And—but oh, you don't like it, I can see you don't," and her lips began to tremble.

"Of course I do, silly! But what I'm asking you is, *why* a hair-slide?" persisted Peggy, with a doggedness of which only she was capable.

There was nothing for it: the truth had to come out. "Well . . . I don't think you know, Peg, but . . . well, just at the back of you . . . where there isn't any more hair . . . just there, it sometimes looks so bare . . ."

Now it was Peggy's turn to crimson . . . very angrily. "*What?* So that's it, is it? I suppose what you mean to say is I'm going bald?"

"Oh no, no, indeed I don't. . . . I *don't!* . . . mean *any*thing like that."

"Well, I don't believe you. And I think you're simply horrid."

"I *don't!* It wasn't me at all. It was Madge Brennan. . . . I heard her . . . say something. And I thought . . . oh, I thought . . ." But here Nell fairly broke down and put her knuckles to her eyes.

"*Who?* Madge Brennan? That pig-eyed sausage? Said that about me? . . . that I was getting bald? Well, of all the *filthy* cheek!" And everything else forgotten over the personal injury, Peggy went off into one of her hard white rages, when you might as well have tried to melt a stone. "I'll pay her out for it. . . . I'll pay her out!"

Nell's cheeks were beginning to get a gloss on them with tears. "Oh, and now . . . you're so mad . . . you only can think about her. And when I haven't spent a penny . . . I mean, I haven't tasted a pipe—not for donkey's years. . . . 've done nothing but save and save. But you don't care a bit."

But Peggy had been too badly stung to resist stinging in her turn. "Well, if you must know, I think it was perfectly ridiklous doing all that just to buy something so . . . so *rude.* Why not find out first what I really wanted? . . . instead of listening to Madge Brennan. That's not how to give a present . . . to somebody you make out to be fond of.—Oh, I say, hang it, don't bellow like that!" For Nell had flung herself face downwards in the hay and was sobbing convulsively. All her money gone . . . and Peggy offended . . . and furious. She hadn't meant to say one word about the baldness: it had just been dragged out of her. "And now you'll never, never forgive me!"

"Rot. Though I don't know if I'll ever be able to like you *quite* so much again. As for this . . . of course, I'll keep it . . . but it'll have to stay in a drawer. I'd sooner eat my hat than wear it, 's long as that putty-faced Jane's about!" said Peggy, and gave the slide such a vicious jerk that it fell to the floor. But even as she spoke she was wondering if, since she had prepared the way for its disappearance, she couldn't exchange it on the quiet for something else. What about a nice silk handkerchief with a coloured border, to be worn in the breast-pocket of her blazer?

"But not altogether, Peg? . . . you won't leave off caring altogether?" wept the gift-giver, callous now to any but the deeper issue. "For I do love you so."

"No, of course not altogether." But Peggy wasn't really thinking what she said; for she didn't stop to swallow before she added, in a kind of stiff, iron voice: "I shall make my mother buy me a hair-restorer right away."

(Oh! why hadn't *she* thought of this?) "But you don't need it, truly you don't, Peg, it's as thick as thick . . . all over," moaned Nell, now only too eager to perjure herself. "It's just the loveliest hair anyone ever had."

"Oh, get out, you only *say* that—you don't mean it."

"Honest Injun I do! And I wouldn't tell you a lie. For I love you better than anybody in the world."

"More than your mother?—or father?"

"Much more. And there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, word of honour there isn't!"

"Well, then, I tell you what. You take this thing back where you got it and make them give you something else instead."

At the cruel suggestion Nell's heart dropped to her boots. "Oh, Peg!" she wailed, feebly, imploringly.

"There you are! Didn't I say it was all words?"

"No, it isn't. . . . I . . . I *will* do it!" (Though her little-girl courage shrivelled to the size of a pea at the thought of facing Mr. Massey the draper over his counter: he had a long angry kind of black beard, and great round spectacles that gave him enormous fish eyes.) "But then . . . oh, Peg, then you will like me again, won't you? . . . as much as before. And like to come up here. You do, don't you? you'd rather be here than *any*where else?"

"Well, do it first and then I'll say.—But listen! That's somebody calling. Oh, Nell, it's Rex . . . the new man. Come on, let's go. He jumps us."

A bass voice shouted: "Now then, you two, what are you up to up there? Oblige me by letting that ladder down at once!"

They hastened to obey, lowering the ladder by its ropes. Then themselves crawled through the trap-door and climbed down backwards, Peggy leading, fastidiously mindful of her skirts. But when they reached the last rung, some way short of the ground, they faced about to meet two long arms, two big, hairy hands, which, gripping each twelve-year-old securely round the middle, swung her high before setting her on her feet. Carelessly now the short skirts fluttered and ballooned.

"Oh, Rex, one more—*just* one!" coaxed Peggy. And up again she flew.

But at the sight of Nell's swollen eyes and blistery-looking cheeks, the man rubbed the tip of his nose with a finger. "Hullo! what have you been doing to her? Quarrelling, eh?"

Peggy made her sauciest face, wrinkling her nose, sticking out her chin, showing the half of her little pink tongue. "Who asks no questions gets told no lies!"

"Eh? What? What's that?" and with a laugh Rex dived to catch her. She skipped from his reach, there was a chase, a scuffle, and then for the third time up she went into the air. "There!—that's for you, you little flirt, you!"

Deftly twisting the curls that served her in place of hair-ribbons, Peggy turned, once she and Nell were out of earshot, and said in her most innocent tones: "I can't think *why* he called me a flirt, can you?"

Now the correct answer, the wished-for and expected answer was: because you are one. But though Nell knew this quite well, and at any other time would have given it, partly to please Peg, partly because it made her happy to see Peg happy, to-day she was too numb to care. So her only reply was a flat and toneless: "No."

Deeply aggrieved, Peggy threw her a sideglance which stood for: oh, very well, my lady! and at once ran on, glibly and enthusiastically: "I *do* like Rex, don't you?—better than any of the other men. He's got such positively gorgeous eyes—they look as if they could never stop laughing. He's so strong, too . . . just like a lion—I believe he could fight lions with his hands. (I say, *did* you see the hairs on them?) And when he jumps you, it makes you feel as if you're never going to come down again . . . and don't want to. — Well, I must hop it, or I'll be late for tea. Now, don't *forget* . . . what you promised. 'Bye."

"'Bye," said Nell limply, and went on walking by herself, heavy of heart and leg. Oh yes, she liked Rex, too . . . he was so kind and jolly you couldn't help it . . . even though she didn't show off before him or put on airs so's to make him notice her. But Peggy—well, there were times . . . and this was one of them . . . when she felt that she didn't love Peg a bit—no, not the least little tiny bit.—Love her? She *simply hated her*.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Films at the Everyman

The programme this week is agreeable if mildish. The main film is preceded by two short ones; one, *The Country Comes to Town*, directed by Grierson, for the Empire Marketing Board, and the other, *The Chimp*, an early Laurel and Hardy. In *Der Traümende Mund* itself Bergner and Rudolf Forster do not, except momentarily, achieve what they did in *Ariane*. The *tempo* often drags, and in the concert scene it is seriously annoying. But there are few European couples who can act better, and the scene where Bergner first visits him is played with all their extraordinary subtlety.

The Everyman is producing a season of revivals. Future films are *The Road to Life*, *Rasputin*, *Barbarina*, *L'Ordonnance*, *Prenez Garde à la Peinture*, and *Murder over Mexico*. After Easter there are to be special Sunday evening performances, including *Caligari*, *The General Line*, the excellent *Berlin*, and lastly, the most welcome revival of all, *The Loves of Jeanne Ney*, in which Rasp plays his finest part.

Horror Without Tears

Double Door, at the Globe Theatre, is for the most part wearisome stuff, expending a tremendous amount of time and effort to "establish" a situation in the last act, which one feels might have been just as effective if it had been shorn of its antecedents, and left for Dame Sybil Thorndike to carry off by sheer virtuosity. That she does carry it off, as it is, is a reminder that, whatever her merit as a tragic actress, as an exponent of the blood-curdling grotesque she is incomparable. The proud New York family of the Van Bretts is dominated by her cold, imperious spirit for two whole acts. Her sister's simple-hearted sentimentality is reduced to whimpering silence at the sound of her footfall, and her younger half-brother, whose income depends on her trusteeship of the family millions, trembles when she raises an eyebrow. How he ever brought himself to defy her so far as marry against her wishes we are not told: but marry he does, as the play opens, and it is obvious that the bright girlish charm of his ex-nurse will not avail her against Victoria's grim, set jaw. Ensues a wearing-down period, with Anne's vitality and patience, and the audience's credulity, strained to breaking point. The revolt starts when Victoria's feeble story of Anne's unfaithfulness fails: but the audience is well aware that at the back of the stage there is a secret room with soundproof doors. What more simple than to pop the offending sister-in-law into it, shut up the house and sail for Europe? The searchers are baffled, but in the nick of time the half-wit sister tells what she knows, and we leave Victoria gibbering, as only a Thorndike can gibber, over the family pearls. The bare recital does less than justice to these last ten minutes, in which we watch an iron determination crumple and collapse in a hideous disintegration as the murderous purpose is discovered.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 30th—
- "The Messiah," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 2.30.
- Oaklands International Centre, Hildenborough. Programme for Easter week-end includes Pianoforte Recital by Kathleen Long, 6. Non-members, £2 inclusive for week-end.
- St. John Passion, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, March 31st—
- "Sporting Love," Gaiety Theatre.

MONDAY, April 2nd—
- Conference on "Education for a New World." Speakers include Dr. F. R. Leavis, Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld and Miss F. Alice Marzials. Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Until April 7th.
- "Macbeth," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, April 3rd—
- "Ideal Homes" Exhibition, Olympia.

WEDNESDAY, April 4th—
- Easter Drama School. Lecturers include Theodore Komisarjevsky, Robert Speaight, Evan John and Geoffrey Whitworth. King's College, Campden Hill Road. Until April 14th.
- "Sixteen," Criterion Theatre.
- "Libel," Playhouse.

THURSDAY, April 5th—
- "The Laughing Woman," New Theatre.
- Daily from March 26th, 9-6.30. William Morris as a Printer. Exhibition at Bumpus's, 350, Oxford Street.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EASTER has arrived, and the flocks of nature-lovers are pouring out of the towns into the countryside, springing and jumping like the roe deer, as Heine says. Mr. Joad is the spokesman of these "hikers," and he sets out their case against the rest of the community in *A Charter for Hikers* (Hutchinson, 2*s.* 6*d.*), a lively piece of propaganda, but full of strange statements.

> In the South the woods are increasingly preserved for the shooting of pheasants . . . as agriculture declines over large areas of England, the farmer is being increasingly replaced by the keeper, and the keeper is a worse friend to the walker than the farmer. Moreover, both landowners and farmers . . . are far stricter than they used to be in the enforcement of their property rights.

I should have thought it was common knowledge that the preserving of pheasants has declined enormously in the last twenty years. The large landowning class is not only relatively poorer, but its tastes are changing. All over the country, parks, which when I was a boy were kept as inviolate as the pleasure gardens of Kublai Khan, are now half derelict: the park walls are full of holes, the woods full of vermin, and there are notices of building lots stuck about. Before the war magpies were extinct in the home counties and very rare anywhere in England; they are now common and are threatening to become as great a nuisance as they are in France by reducing the numbers of song-birds. But why bother to refute Mr. Joad? He contradicts himself.

> It is probable the days of the great landowners are numbered. . . . Many of them have already given up the struggle. Such as survive do so with diminished establishments; their armies of retainers are reduced and keepers and gardeners are discharged to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

"As agriculture declines," writes Mr. Joad optimistically, but agriculture is more prosperous to-day than it was thirty years ago and shows no signs of declining at all. Mr. Joad seems to be mixing it up with coal, steel, and cotton.

> I contend, then, that farmers and landowners are elements in the community whose importance and influence has diminished, is diminishing and will continue to diminish. With them will disappear the old traditional life of the country. Already it is perceptibly dying; in a hundred years' time, if present tendencies continue, it will be dead. . . . In England for a few more decades they (the landowners) will linger on and obstruct the transfer of the country to its new heirs, the working people of the towns.

And Mr. Joad passes swiftly to a vision of a time when "agriculture being no longer pursued," the "new heirs" will have to be educated to enjoy nature. Since he explicitly looks forward to the extinction of the farmer, the landowner and the agricultural labourer, in fact of all people who belong in the country and have any business there, it would scarcely be surprising if he and his hikers were everywhere unwelcome. But I do not think they are. Country people have always liked townspeople to come among them. They sell them glasses of milk and dry their clothes when they are wet, and the profit on the glasses of milk just about pays for the damage to fences and walls. But country people really enjoy their stray visitors for the same reason that we all do: they like to make new friends and to be amused. Without realising that plans are being laid for their "liquidation" and expropriation, country people arrange mild leg-pulls and laugh at their visitors behind their backs. The hikers and campers are food for mirth in winter and have a flattering way of going back looking so much more healthy than they came. If one only knew Mr. Joad from this book, one would conclude that he was one of the most intolerant people alive, for it is packed with hatred: naturally, since he is not a sportsman, he hates people who are; then he hates motorists, especially women motorists, and the motor correspondent of the *Observer* (who earns his living by guiding motorists to beauty spots in Surrey, whereas Mr. Joad leads his hikers there free of charge); he hates female hikers because they wear shorts and not kilts (he should remember that kilts are expensive garments); and, strangest of all, he hates male hikers because "they tend to become informative." But of course, like Mr. Joad, I am in favour of the Access to Mountains Bill, or some similar measure.

* * *

In *English Journey, being the rambling but truthful remarks of what one man saw and heard and felt and thought during a journey through England in the autumn of* 1933 (Heinemann-Gollancz, 8*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Priestley provides a great contrast. He starts off by motor coach, yet keeps a pedestrian style with only an occasional flight of fancy:

> (In Southampton) once through or round Bar Gate, you are in High Street. Another quarter of a mile or so, at the bottom of High Street you must go carefully; otherwise you may lose England altogether and find yourself looking at the Woolworth Building or table mountain. . . . For you see you can catch the *Berengaria* or the *Empress of Britain* at the end of this High Street.

At Bristol, he finds "counters on which guineas have gone ringing," and observes that "There is plenty of good old West Country blood about." At Coventry, he reflects: "My own car, a Daimler, was made in this city, and so after lunch I went out to see how they did it." He visited Bournville:

> for several good reasons. To begin with, I was interested in the manufacture of chocolate, having bought and eaten, in my time, great quantities of the stuff.

But it takes six pages before he discovers:

> As it is human nature, and not the manufacture of chocolate that really interests me, I will take leave of Messrs. Cadbury . . .

At Leicester, he reflected:

> After all, I have been using typewriters (I am using one now to write this) for over twenty years; it was high time I saw how they were made. There are some things that you can imagine yourself making in a rough and ready fashion, but typewriters are not one of these things.

Three pages about typewriters follow, with the reflection:

> I now know a great deal about typewriters that I never even guessed before.

Such was Mr. Priestley's progress on a tour which is strongly reminiscent of those periodically undertaken by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. It was made in much the same spirit of duty, is written up in the same serious yet genial way, and resulted in the same way by winning all hearts. A royal tour—that is the clue to this book. Unless it is understood from the outset that Mr. Priestley is an uncrowned king, the values will seem wrong, and the reader will wonder why he is told that the author left his razor behind, and consequently bought another which failed to give him a good shave. Once it is accepted and Mr. Priestley is taken at the princely valuation, everything is easy going and the author and reader, being on the proper terms, get on capitally together. The description of Stoke-on-Trent, for example, is admirable, and Mr. Priestley's efforts to "throw" a basin on the potter's wheel become really interesting. The great public that cares nothing for literature was right to pitch on Mr. Priestley for its guide. He is an honest man, he is strangely unsentimental, even at the annual dinner of his old battalion at Bradford, and he is deeply and sincerely concerned about the welfare of everyone he sees. Perhaps it is because he remembers being a poor boy in Bradford, but his heart still quickens with honest indignation at the spectacle of misery and meanness presented by the wreckage of industrial England and by the factory system.

> Nine out of every ten of these girls working at the long rows of machines only see their factory life as a busy but dreamy interlude between childhood and marriage. What would happen if you told them that there were no marriages, no homes of their own waiting for them? For one little piece of knowledge it offers me, this journey seems to uncover half a dozen great pits of ignorance. Already I stare into them in dismay, then leave them gaping behind me.

He is sometimes dull, always long-winded, often sententious about himself, but he is an admirable guide to England. In one thing only does he resemble parson Yorick: he has a heart. And just because of that, this puffed-up, padded-out volume has some most moving pages in it. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Company Parade. By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Semi-Precious Stones. By A. I. VOINOVA. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Childhood's Loves. By JULES ROMAINS. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The capacity for voicing vivid indignation is a very noble and somewhat uncommon literary virtue; and this virtue is displayed, with an entire absence of moral self-righteousness, by Miss Storm Jameson, who has followed up her autobiography, *No Time Like the Present*, by a new novel, *Company Parade*, in which she continues the history of Hervey Russell, a descendant of the great ship-building family whose fortunes have already been chronicled in Miss Jameson's earlier books. *Company Parade* is a novel of the peace, or—as Miss Jameson would probably prefer to describe it—of the lull between European wars. Its background could scarcely be more depressing; Miss Jameson and her characters seem to live and breathe under the shadow of an approaching conflict, and can talk and think of little else. The idiocy of politicians, the villainy of armament manufacturers, the apathy and criminal stupidity of the upper and middle classes haunt the narrative like a bad dream or a bad smell; and it is only now and then, with the slightly shamefaced air of a dilettante caught in the act, that the reader is able to remind himself that human beings, even to-day, still experience moments of rare and precious happiness, and that so illogical is our human composition that it is still possible to derive pleasure from these moments, though the were- or war-wolf is scratching at the door and every newspaper that slips through the letter-box contains an account of some fresh revolting atrocity. . . .

Thus speaks the "bourgeois intellectual." There are some of us for whom the mind is its own place, for whom the most important events are still primarily subjective, and for whom personal salvation must come—not from without, from participation in a new and improved social order, but from within, whose "Kingdom of Heaven" (such as it is) will never quite merge its frontiers in any Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But Miss Jameson is a novelist with a message. Her message is one with which few readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will find it difficult to sympathise; though I think they may agree that her indignation has not yet been assimilated by the literary medium through which it is set forth and that, so iterated and reiterated, used to colour paragraph after paragraph, line after taut resentful line, it tends to lose the immediacy of its first effect. On the Embankment, she scents a future cataclysm. . . . Well, granted the huddled, shapeless derelicts, heaped up on the benches, under the bluish glare of the arc-lamps, the reflection is plausible and does her credit; but when one of her characters is discovered eating chicken cutlets "in a restaurant in which even the plates witnessed to the death of society"—they had been "stamped by sweated Czech workers with patterns which satisfied the American importer's idea of French peasant art"—I cannot help wishing that she would allow society to expire in peace. Nero, with his Stradivarius on the heights of the Palatine, is the type of artist for whom personally I have a sneaking regard.

To stress the social and political side of Miss Jameson's narrative is to draw attention to a very important and perhaps slightly over-obtrusive aspect of her book, but does not help to explain the energy and resourcefulness with which the narrative itself is conducted. Miss Jameson is an extremely practised writer, and her account of Hervey Russell's struggle against poverty, obscurity and a foolish, weak-willed, unprincipled and unfaithful husband—the type of husband with whom feminine fiction has made us painfully familiar—is written in a convincing and lucid style. Yet the impression left by the book is disappointing. Miss Jameson has attempted to give us a panorama of contemporary life. Up to a point she has succeeded; but beyond that point—the point at which observation becomes interpretation and clever reporting art—her imaginative grasp of her subject-matter does not extend. The reader may agree with her dominant thesis; but he will close the volume in much the same state as he started reading it.

Semi-Precious Stones is a satire on Soviet life, and like many Soviet satires a somewhat cautious, not to say disingenuous and double-faced affair, the narrator, through whom the satire is conveyed, being himself condemned, at least by implication, the novelist covering his retreat by a harangue in which the public prosecutor—Okromeshkov is concerned in a murder trial—sums him up as "a trembling Philistine, a mercenary, all his secret thoughts and energy directed towards preserving himself from inglorious dismissal." There is no room, concludes this Soviet Rhadamanthus, "for neutrality or indifference to politics," since "he who wishes to remain apart from class struggle places himself virtually on the other side of the barricades." Okromeshkov's crime, however, was not so much a desire to remain apart as a slavish and tremulous anxiety to retain his hard-won position in a movement for which, through no fault of his own, he was quite unfitted. There is little indication that he had ever betrayed, or wished to betray—except by his failure to lose his bourgeois individuality in the organised proletarian mass—the cause which he served as a technical expert; and it is symptomatic of the state of mind to which bourgeois experts may be reduced by antagonistic party members that he is represented as spending a great deal of his time busily writing up an exculpatory private journal which he hopes to make use of, in the probable event of his being arraigned before the Soviet courts. "Okromeshkov," remarked one of his colleagues, "is a nail with a head. No matter how hard we try to drive him into the life of the Soviet the head will stand out." And, since nails equipped with heads—at any rate in the present state of society—are more sympathetic than mass-produced tin-tacks, Okromeshkov's tragedy, as retailed by A. I. Voinova, is an interesting but excessively disquieting piece of work.

As a novel, it is over-written and overcrowded. The "ideology" of this, as of so many Soviet novels, may be new; and yet the method is as old-fashioned and redundant as that of the most traditional bourgeois story. Both *Company Parade* and *Semi-Precious Stones* set out to give us a picture of contemporary life—a panorama of change—Voinova by innumerable small touches that demonstrate Okromeshkov's complete helplessness in the new dispensation under which he finds himself, Miss Storm Jameson by an apocalyptic insistence on the decay of the old. Miss Jameson introduces us to characters whose life is poisoned by the decomposition of the world in which they have been brought up; while Voinova discusses the possibility that the individual may be redeemed by losing his egoism in unselfish communal effort. For M. Romains, salvation must come from within. He, too, shows us society in broad perspective; but his characters are depicted as dependent very largely on their own initiative and their own personal resources—as beings who must stand or fall by their own judgment. *Childhood's Loves* is the third volume of *Men of Good Will*. M. Romains' general preface to *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, thoughtfully reprinted on the dust-cover of the English translation, helps to explain the title of the series by observing that, although "there are destinies which end nobody knows where . . . aeroliths which vanish into dust . . . myriads of human activities . . . scattered in all directions by the indifferent forces of self-interest, of passion," out of all this immense waste "some few of these activities are endowed with a little constancy by the pure in heart" and possess a certain beauty and regularity of design. "In this confusion of wills, there must surely be some 'of good will.'" Such a man of good will, unless I have been misled by my ignorance of the succeeding volumes, is Pierre Jallez. In the second chapter of *Childhood's Loves* he and his friend, Jerphanion, are discussing poetry and in particular *Les Fleurs du Mal*; and so leisurely and elastic is the author's scheme that Jallez, without the smallest effect of irrelevance, is able to deliver a sound and penetrating criticism of Baudelaire's verse; of which he says—with special reference to *La Chevelure*—that it gives you the impression of "a series of discharges of intense and associated meanings. The whole extent of the line is occupied, filled full, all at once. There is not the least void. . . . I ask myself . . . whether Baudelaire wasn't the first to rediscover in modern times a wonderful kind of intensity, of which nobody can have any idea unless, like you and me, he's soaked himself in Latin." Elsewhere, he speaks of an element in Baudelaire's poems quite distinct from his erotic melancholy—"I was thinking of him rather as the poet of Paris, of streets, of ports, the poet of the great modern city." I have no doubt that perspicacious French critics have long ago made clear M. Romains' deep indebtedness to the peculiar colouring and tempo of Baudelaire's Parisian visions, his evocations of the haunted metropolis:

> Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves,
> Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant

—where the dream-world and the real world flow together. *Childhood's Loves* has a poetry and a subdued intensity very seldom found in modern prose.

PETER QUENNELL

THE UNPOLITICAL SOCIALIST

William Morris: Selected Writings. Edited by G. D. H. COLE. *The Nonesuch Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Apart from the desire to produce beautiful things," wrote Morris in one of the essays reprinted here, "the leading passion of my life has been and is hatred of modern civilisation." To-day he is remembered and praised as a hater, while his beautiful things are slighted or patronisingly dismissed; and this centenary volume is a mirror of the common attitude.

Morris the reformer is largely and variously represented. *News from Nowhere* and the *Dream of John Ball* are given at length: among the poems are the *Pilgrims of Hope*, his "Communist story-poem," and several of the *Chants for Socialists:* and there are eleven essays and lectures on Socialism, or art, or art and Socialism. I do not see that anyone could ask for more. Indeed the essays and lectures, welcome because comparatively inaccessible, are apt to be rather tedious from their similarity. It is the business of the propagandist to repeat himself, but for an invariable audience it is slow work, and, moreover, the orgy of arts and crafts that Morris looked forward to does not attract us. We like him best for what he wanted to get rid of—for his hatred of ugliness, his indignant compassion, his courageous echo of Hazlitt and the young Wordsworth at the dawn of what *they* supposed a new era:

O earth, thou kind bestower, thou ancient fruitful place,
How lovely and beloved now gleams thy happy face.

But with Morris, of course, it was more than a generous impulse, and there is something both heroic and touching in his practical Socialism—in the humility, the patience, the forthrightness of this most unpolitical reformer, too manly to tire of the struggle as the glamour faded, or be disgusted into passivity by its quarrels and confusion. He seems a lonely figure, isolated by that heroic quality, too simple for the age: we feel him a friend, but not exactly, as someone said of George Eliot, a *personal* friend—rather the most generous and faithful of comrades. The bond between him and others was some kind of *doing* always.

There is certainly a terrible flavour of artiness in his ideal world. Re-reading *News from Nowhere* we would like to agree, we would like to feel with Morris, and in a sense do feel with him, and yet at the same time our hearts sink. In fact, this Utopia seems to me a failure: partly because it is setting posing as subject: partly because it really has that "taint of prettiness" which Mr. G. D. H. Cole sees in the poems: partly because Morris was apt to become affected when *not* writing in an archaic style—(there is a curious primness in the style of *News from Nowhere*—"It will be pretty enough even for you two and your renewed pleasure," and so on): partly because of its innocent, good-boy kind of heartiness: partly for the grand reason that all Utopias are failures in advance—we cling, as Hazlitt said, with inveterate prejudice to existence here and now. I do not think that Morris would have enjoyed living in Nowhere, or even thought he would. "It will not do," he imagined them saying, "you cannot be of us; you belong so entirely to the unhappiness of the past that our happiness even would weary you." And it is, accordingly, a relief to escape from this strained buoyancy into the poetry, the realism, the profound unsentimental melancholy of *John Ball*, with its hero, Morris's twin brother, and its moral of "how men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name." *John Ball* is the nearest thing to Morris's poetry.

But it is obviously not here for that reason. The non-political poems in the book—the prologue and inductions from the *Earthly Paradise*, the *Defence of Guenevere* and a few shorter poems—have been admitted half-heartedly and are ill at ease: it would have been more candid to leave them out altogether, and we should still have had fully our money's worth. Mr. Cole's view is that the most beautiful of Morris's beautiful things are mere decoration—that his heroic side is absent from all the poetry except *Sigurd* (unrepresented here). The rest is pretty, "pleasantly easy," tainted with languor, the work of a craftsman, not of "an imaginative artist determined to get at the heart of the world's meaning": it is good verse, in short, not great poetry. And I think that is also the popular view.

I don't like to say anything against *Sigurd*, which is a noble poem sure enough, and a glorious book for the schoolboy lucky enough to come across it. But the *Earthly Paradise*, not nearly so thrilling at first, unlike *Sigurd* grows and grows upon one: and it has at least this attraction for lovers of Morris—there is much more of Morris in it. "Good verse" it is not. Morris never bothered to write good verse in a long poem—he went straight on, filling in the gaps with "saga slang" of one kind or another, and that is partly why his long poems are neglected now. They are *not* workmanlike: they depend on "the heart of the world's meaning," as it was to Morris, and on that alone. The *Earthly Paradise* especially is—not a "pretty picture," but a dream of beauty: there is no poem like it: and that subdued ring of melancholy, that essential stoicism, is on every page. It is the very heart of Morris's personality, and appears in everything he wrote: but there is no gesture in it, nothing sentimental. Morris, very exceptionally, never seeks the homœopathic remedy for gloom—losing himself in the vast idea of disaster, or merging the world in his despair: he is no Mithridates, feeding on poison because he is afraid of it. Kiartan, the fortunate and resilient, never Bodli, is his hero and favourite. This manliness, the rock-bottom of his mind, is the rock-bottom also of the *Earthly Paradise*—indeed the more one reads the poem the more it grows into the poet's self. It cannot be said, Mr. Cole declares, that Morris in any one work "expressed the essence of what was in him." Morris thought differently. Keen eyes, he said, reading the *Earthly Paradise* might read him through, "for surely little is there left behind."

I cannot think *Sigurd* need have been left out entirely; it seems to me not only a possible but an easy poem to represent, whereas the *Earthly Paradise* is hopeless. Still, Mr. Cole was right no doubt to avoid snippets, the mere "Beauties of Morris," and so we cannot very well ask for a taste of the prose romances, enchanting as they are. The arrangement puzzled me sometimes: *News from Nowhere*, *John Ball*, the *Unknown Church* should surely, for every reason, have been in the reverse order—but that is a trifle. The volume is uniform with the Nonesuch Blake, Hazlitt, etc., so that you not only get a great deal very cheap but can read it, and what is more read it with pleasure. But I do hope no one will take Mr. Cole's word about the poetry.

K. JOHN

A KNIGHT OF LANGUAGE

Collected Essays, Volume II. By ROBERT BRIDGES. *Oxford University Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The late Robert Bridges was never an aloof poet. It was not enough to him to be one of the most original and exquisite metrical artists in the English tongue. He was convinced of his mission to guard the foundations. So he devoted a great part of his life to the examination and preservation of English pronunciation. He was emphatic that a good Northern pronunciation was the best for preserving the native music of English verse; but, recognising that much current pronunciation had become too corrupted to be ever corrected, he devised a scheme of phonetic spelling by means of which the best educated speech should be preserved from further corruption and attention drawn to the disparities between the spoken and written word. Moreover, there was considerable difference between what he and cultured Londoners regarded as educated speech, so his phonetic-spelling primers were to function as trained warriors against the destructive influence of Cockneyism. In collecting his essays and literary papers it was a question whether to print them all in phonetic type or stop short after the first volume. Most of us are so accustomed to reading with the eye rather than the ear that phonetic type presents difficulties, and so the matter, after the publication of the first volume, was put to a vote. Says Mrs. Robert Bridges, "The response was neither large nor decisive; a small majority were, however, in favour of completing the series in phonetic type."

Perhaps the decision was a pity. These essays might have reached a larger public if they had been printed in common type. Nearly all that Robert Bridges had to say is of great importance; for it was no castle of narrow academism that he guarded, but the walled city of essential culture: something rudimentary, and yet highly civilised. No English poet has more deeply combined imaginative insight with moral integrity and practical common sense.

What he would have said about the present decline of English poetry into unimaginative barbarism it is easy to imagine, for the peculiar light which strays over the surface of these essays points to an answer. They are five in number, "Studies in Poetry,"

"Springs of Helicon," "Wordsworth and Kipling," "Word Books," "Letter on English Prosody and Note on Neo-Miltonics"; of which "Wordsworth and Kipling" is, perhaps, the most entertaining, for without disparaging either poet at the expense of the other he seeks to "spin a thread" between them, reminding us that "Wordsworth in his famous preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* contended that poetic diction should be taken from rustic speech," and on the next page goes on to say that with Mr. Kipling "nothing in diction is common or unclean; nor can we draw any strict line to separate the diction of such poems as *The Barrack-Room Ballads*, which are professedly and wholly in the low dialect of the characters, from those other poems where it is not so prominent nor so evidently in place." Meanwhile, he adroitly links up with something else, and points out that the recent state of English poetry calls for new verse forms.

Robert Bridges was a master of lucid, delicate prose, lightly weaponed with irony and unobtrusive wit. His attitude was nearly always sharply critical, but his thrust was the rapier's, and on only very few occasions the glaive's or the broadsword's. He never espoused a bad cause. An entirely sincere writer, he was very antagonistic to those who did not write what they fundamentally believed. These essays are stamped with the insignia of immortality. Form and thought are perfectly fused and intertwined. HERBERT PALMER

THE GENESIS OF THE MODERN THEATRE

The Restoration Theatre. By MONTAGUE SUMMERS. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

If one were asked for a concrete illustration of the English genius for conservation by compromise, one could hardly do better than instance Davenant's creation of the modern theatre. Since it was effected by the reconciliation of incompatibles, this was a remarkable achievement. The curiously composite nature of the Restoration Theatre came about through a happy fusion of the main characteristics of the permanently backgrounded platform stage of Shakespeare's day with the peep-show quality and kaleidoscopic pictorialism of the Caroline masque-stage. From it our present-day theatre derives, but, so strange are the changes brought about by the whirligig of time that between the two there is little or no resemblance. The disparity will be patent when it is observed that in Restoration days the proscenium arch was stationed in the middle of the stage, and was flanked in front by a number of solid doors and balconies, most of which were constantly used in the traffic of the scene. A heritage, in a way, from the Elizabethan playhouse, these doors and balconies to a considerable extent postulated the new dramatic technique, besides lending themselves readily to the popularisation of the cape-and-sword drama and its cognates. We are at last beginning to understand that for a proper comprehension of our classic dramatists it is vital to gain some knowledge of the stage conventions of their times; and with the increasing interest in Restoration drama there has arisen a demand for a manual of the Restoration staging which has not hitherto been forthcoming. On that and other scores Mr. Montague Summers's scholarly book will answer most wants. Thanks to mature knowledge, laboriously acquired in many years of intensive study of the Dryden era, Mr. Summers is enabled by apt citation to make the Restoration Theatre tell the most of its own story. His deft application of sound deductive powers to carefully marshalled stage directions and prompter's notes goes a long way towards affording a solution of the many problems which arise, and such indeed is his equipment that it is rarely he is baffled.

But there are curious inequalities of method in the book. There are long stretches when the statements made are minutely documented, and there are similar stretches when documentation is almost wholly ignored. It is more than passing strange that when Mr. Summers lays the recent researches of other labourers in the Restoration field under contribution, he rarely conveys the source of his inspiration. These lapses are fated to bring their own punishment, for, as it happens, some of the statements thus derived are erroneous, and, in the absence of documentation, Mr. Summers will, in future, be saddled with the responsibility for sundry offences which are not primarily his. One or two examples may be cited. We are told on the unacknowledged authority of Dr. Leslie Hotson, that the scenery store of Wren's Drury Lane was situate in Vinegar Yard and attached to the theatre; a rank impossibility, seeing that Vinegar Yard, as Rocque's map of the district clearly shows, stood aloof to the east of the theatre. Again, Mr. Summers refers to the sole existing view of the exterior of the second Drury Lane as revealing the characteristics of Wren's original facade, but the engraving spoken of was issued in 1776, and, so far from representing the house in its original state, depicts the front as it had been recently altered and extended by Garrick. It shows several entrances, whereas the house as Wren built it had only one. (It is vexatious to find two old blunders of mine iterated, even although I have escaped pillorying.)

Mr. Summers's absorbing chapter on the Restoration audience evokes the curious reflection that practically all that is greatest in English drama was written when playgoers were at their noisiest and least given to concentration. How masterpieces contrived to materialise under such conditions is a puzzle.

One omission has, however, to be noted, which is, that Mr. Summers fails to tell us where Fop's Alley was, though that favourite inter-act resort is mentioned in a quaint ballad-epilogue he reproduces. This is a misfortune, as the necessary elucidations would have revealed an interesting fact not otherwise referred to in the book, namely that the Restoration stage, like the stage which had preceded it, had a protecting front rail, an essential precaution in the days before the orchestra began to occupy its now familiar position.

Relative to the old prices of admission, a little more requires to be said than is said in Mr. Summers's book. Though Pepys affords us evidence that in 1661 the Elizabethan custom of charging double rates on the first day of a new play was still in force, it needs to be noted that the practice soon fell into desuetude, and had certainly been abandoned on Pepys's own showing before 1667. What, however, is much more surprising is Mr. Summers's silence regarding the establishment of the principle of after-money—familiar in later days as "half price at nine o'clock"—in 1687; an innovation that revolutionised theatrical routine in bringing about the regular provision of an afterpiece. Now and again statements are made at which the well-informed stage historian must jib. Twice in the book we are informed that the prologue said his say after all the preliminary music had been played, but the old styling of the Third Music as "the Curtain tune" should have warned Mr. Summers that the prologue preceded the overture. To be convinced that this was so, one has only to refer to Motteux's prologue to *The Inconstant* or to the lines on "The Playhouse" cited by Mr. Summers on p. 278. But, in comparison with the vast amount of important detail presented in the book, the percentage of blemishes is trifling, and they are not such as seriously to impair its value as a work of reference. The illustrations, it should be noted, are of a particular rarity and interest, and will certainly prove a delight to the theatrical antiquary. W. J. LAWRENCE

THE PROSPECTS OF THE COAL INDUSTRY

Coal in the New Era. By IVOR THOMAS. *Putnam.* 5s.

Constructive and detached minds are so scarce in the British coal-mining industry that there is a temptation to cover Mr. Thomas's book with extravagant praise. That temptation is a sign of the backwardness of the industry, for the author would probably not claim that his work is particularly original or particularly profound. What he has done is to apply a good general knowledge and a certain amount of common sense to a subject where ignorance and bigotry have been the usual form. Even financial newspapers, who cannot be accused of much bitterness against vested interests, have lately been compelled to make scathing criticisms of those who still dominate coal-mining.

Mr. Thomas is not bitter. With philosophic calm he traces coal from its original deposition in the fetid jungles of the carboniferous period to its present plight under a dead but not yet buried Victorian capitalism: he can encounter the uncouth monsters of either period with an equally matter-of-fact air. This restraint is the more admirable because he has most far-reaching and drastic proposals to make regarding the future set-up of the industry, and it is clear that all his assumptions are diametrically opposed to those of its present heads.

In detail the strong point of the book is the very full and useful popular account which it gives of technical developments in the industry, and of the economic possibilities of such processes as

low temperature carbonisation, hydrogenation, pulverised fuel, and so forth. Mr. Thomas also shows an unusual awareness of the many-sided social and political implications of his subject. The better aspect of this is seen in the emphasis which he gives to the need for the industry itself to press for action against pollution of the air through burning raw coal in household grates. Its less defensible side is seen when he proceeds to make the most sweeping assumptions on points of strategy or of political development only remotely linked with his argument—for instance, when he discusses how to make room for a future Minister of Power without overloading the Cabinet, and decides that it should be done either by having a single Ministry of Defence or by cutting out the Secretary of Scotland, as Scotland will by that time have its own Parliament. Another such assumption is that "in future the greatest houseowners are going to be local authorities"—a prophecy which neither supporters of a National Housing Board nor supporters of private enterprise would be likely to accept.

The most conspicuous weakness of the book is its failure to get to grips with the present structure either in the field of labour relations, production, marketing organisation or retail distribution. There are, of course, many passages which bear on these questions, and the whole treatment of coal as the basis for a future interlocked group of electrical, gas, oil and fuel industries gives a valuable point of view, but the structure of a rationalised industry outlined in the last chapter would have appeared less speculative had it been supported by a fuller analysis of the existing structure which it is intended to replace. E. M. NICHOLSON

LORD READING AS A LAWYER

Lord Reading and His Cases. By DEREK WALKER-SMITH. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

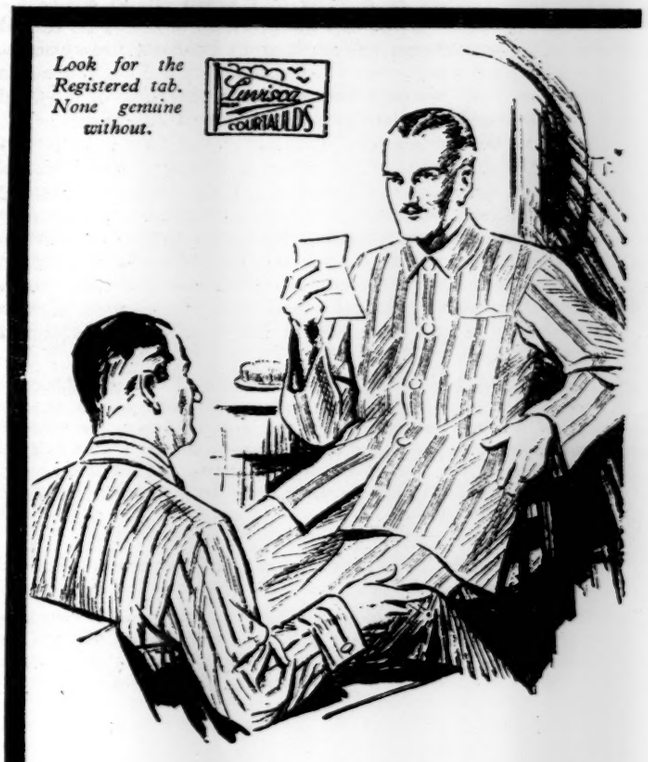
This is an excellent book of its kind which compares very favourably with the late Mr. Marjoribanks's book on Lord Carson. The title is perhaps misleading because the book includes the whole of Lord Reading's political exploits and it is the work of a young writer who has had to obtain much information from perusing old newspapers and talking to his elders.

He is possibly not aware of the interesting link between Horatio Bottomley and the Isaacs family forged by the Hansard case when Bottomley as a young man of twenty-five rescued by his eloquence Lord Reading's father and uncle from the dock. Then again, the chapter on the Marconi scandal relates the vindication of Lord Reading and his political friends from charges of corruption but does not explain why the atmosphere of suspicion lingered and led to a poem like Kipling's *Gehazi* being written when Lord Reading was appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1915.

Presumably he has never seen Lord Reading in Court. If he had he would not have been surprised at not having found "a single instance of his having had a serious clash in Court either with counsel, witness, or judge." I remember more than thirty years ago introducing Mr. Rufus Isaacs into the Chancery Division for purposes of cross-examination. In those days the academic atmosphere of the Chancery Division was even more pronounced than it is now, and there were particular King's Counsel appropriated to each judge. The Chancery judge in this instance was visibly ruffled when he saw Mr. Isaacs appear in his Court and the famous Common Law advocate had scarcely uttered a sentence before the judge barked out, "Mr. Isaacs, you are not addressing a Common Jury." Instantaneously the Court became like a Bateman drawing, for Mr. Isaacs's head appeared to be in the roof of the Court and the judge to be sinking below the level of his desk. "I do not understand," said Mr. Isaacs, "what can have elicited such an observation from your Lordship." This was an unexpected instance of amazing dignity. The intelligent Jew has many excellent qualities; but the power of quelling impolite judges is not usually one of them.

What, however, is more important is that there is not a single instance in Lord Reading's career of his bullying a witness in the same manner as the author relates concerning Lord Carson, on page 199. It is obviously undesirable that the laity should be prejudiced against lawyers; but the prejudice will certainly remain so long as counsel are at liberty to bully a lay witness without the witness having a chance to answer back, especially if judges support counsel in such circumstances against the witness. Sam Weller was given quite proper but unusual licence in *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

On page 48 the author suggests that Lord Reading's engagements spared him time for social life; but in the early days of



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the twentieth century he scarcely ever dined out in term time and whatever spare time he had was given up to calling on invalid friends. He has always known how to husband his strength, and I remember a day when I asked his clerk if I could see him at 4.15 p.m. and was told that if I were the King of England Mr. Isaacs would not rise from his sofa until 4.30 p.m.

On the whole, the author's narrative of the cases is extremely interesting and lucid (*e.g.*, *Allen v. Flood*). His political exposition is also clear and impartial; as, for instance, in dealing with the decision of the House of Lords in regard to the People's Budget. His sentences are often felicitous; as when he refers to a Conservative candidate in a by-election who did not happen to possess Mr. Arthur Balfour's "talent for combining metaphysical clarity with political obscurity." The author gives a fine specimen of his eloquence in the words about Whittaker Wright's funeral:

> None falls so low as the stricken favourite of fortune. But there were some who did him reverence; for as his coffin was borne, on a wet and wintry morning, through the lanes of Surrey the villagers came out and uncovered. They had known him as a man of great wealth, but as a man of generosity, kindliness and humanity; and as such they judged him, for they knew little of Lake Views and Finance Corporations. They were simple folk, and simple folk judge by simple things. And they are not always wrong.

Mr. Walker-Smith very ably sums up the causes of Lord Reading's success as follows:

> The success is undoubted; but how was it achieved? We have seen something of the armoury of his equipment, of its strength and its limitations. He had not the dominating personality of a Carson, the soaring eloquence of a Marshall Hall, the profound learning of a Sumner, nor the masterly invective of an F. E. Smith. What, then, was his secret? He had all the quieter attributes of success. Learned in law, quick and resourceful in argument, penetrative in cross-examination, he had the indispensable adjuncts of forensic success. In addition, he was possessed of a memory quite out of the ordinary and a capacity to unravel and elucidate the intricate mysteries of figures which was unrivalled; in cases like the Whittaker Wright case he was in a class by himself. To these qualities he added a strength supple and resilient rather than forceful and assertive, and an unvarying self-discipline. . . . With Rufus Isaacs it was in the Courts as in his conduct of life; he did not challenge; he charmed. And, as a result, opposition did not yield—it did not have to; it simply dissolved.

Lord Reading may have made enemies; but he has made hosts of friends in many circles and many lands.

E. S. P. HAYNES

DEAR, DELUDED SAINTS

Group Movements of the Past and Experiments in Guidance. By RAY STRACHEY. *Faber*. 5s.

Hannah Smith, a well-known religious writer and preacher, was a robust, common-sense person, brought up to believe in the inner light of the Quakers and deeply anxious to experience the mystic joy of personal communion with God. For many years she attributed her failure to share in the religious ecstasy of the saints to her own lack of spirituality, and approached each fresh manifestation of mystic guidance with a humble desire to learn. As a result she made a number of remarkable discoveries about religious ecstasy, and finally came to the conclusion that, though divine guidance was real enough, reliance in the personal intimations of individual revelation was a dangerous error. She left a record of her experiences for her granddaughter, Ray Strachey, to publish, and the relevance of her conclusions to the Buchman movement of to-day prompts the Bishop of Durham to some forcible introductory remarks. The historical background of the American group movements which Hannah Smith explored at first hand is provided in several excellent chapters, contributed by Mrs. Strachey herself.

The attraction of group movements is that they are a revolt against the formalism of the Churches. Historically the function of organised religion has been to direct and control the less tractable desires of mankind and, by perpetuating doctrines and rules of conduct which are satisfactory to Authority, to save society from the risks of anarchic conduct and individuals from the appalling burden of attempting to decide for themselves what is true and what is false, what is right and what is wrong. Thus mysticism, when it does not follow the decorous lines of ritualistic adoration, is always viewed with mistrust by the organised Churches. When in the middle of the eighteenth century the sick were healed and the worshippers wrought to convulsive ecstacies before the tomb of a saint in Paris, Authority closed the cemetery. As Voltaire put it:

> De par le roi,
> Defense a Dieu,
> De faire miracles
> En ce lieu!

In nineteenth-century America there was no king to curtail the vagaries of the Almighty. It was the pioneering age; the State was weak and the recognised religion a hide-bound Puritanism. These who saw God for themselves could always find virgin land as well as followers, usually illiterate, to follow them to a new experiment in a community life. Some of the innumerable experiments discussed by Mrs. Strachey survived for more than a generation. The Shakers, blameless and prosperous people with very surprising views, long continued to receive their unseen, because spiritual, gifts of fruit and gold spectacles from their founder, Mother Ann. Oneeda was another success. Durability for such communities depended not so much on the potency of the leader's inspiration as on his common sense, his organising capacity and on his skill or good fortune in finding land and workers to make the colony economically prosperous. Thus the Rapptes also did far better than most of their contemporaries because George Rapp avoided most of their economic and political errors, even though he shared with other community leaders the illusion that he was personally immortal. A second group of colonies—the numerous Owen and Fourier experiments—are not really relevant to Mrs. Strachey's thesis, since they aimed at demonstrating economic not religious truths. They overlap with the religious communities, however, because those who rely on the direct inspiration of divine guidance are commonly anxious, as the Early Church was anxious, to abolish the too earthly ties of private possessions.

The Communities almost always arose from a revivalist movement. Some man or woman was personally called by God to a new form of life: ecstatic followers thought him or her a reincarnation of Christ, they found the gift of tongues, and were assured the Second Coming was near at hand, or, to take the example of the "Nothingarians" they cried "No God, No Government, No Marriage, No Money, No Meat, No Tobacco, No Sabbath, No Skirts, No Church, No War, No Slaves," etc. The opportunities of fraud in such an atmosphere were too good to lose, and the example of Thomas Lake Harris, who was powerful enough to entice amongst others a man like Laurence Oliphant to give up his money, his work, and his wife (he wanted his wife for himself), is only the best known of a number of similar frauds. Hannah Smith visited Harris's Colony, and having seen through it, successfully warned others against Harris and later tried to persuade Oliphant himself of the danger of his doctrine of "spiritual counterparts." But Hannah Smith is probably right in refusing to regard most of the astonishing manifestations of divine guidance which she describes as fraudulent. She called their victims the "dear, deluded saints," and laboured to explain to them that the thrill of physical contact with a member of the opposite sex might seem similar to the thrill of the divine spirit within, but was nevertheless not necessarily wisely indulged. It is at first astonishing

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to learn from her how many very pious young and middle-aged women could be induced by what they believed to be the divine voice to break up their homes, to kiss and often to bear children to their religious teachers. The story is worth a serious sociological and psychological examination. In some cases we may guess at the significance of a sect such as the "Hookers" who thought it immoral to use buttons. Other cases merely illustrate the fact that no doctrine has caused so much misery in the world, and none proved so impossible of social fulfilment, as the doctrine that the flesh is sinful. Always the same theme. First the attempt to outlaw sex altogether and then the desperate and often subconscious effort to find a way of justifying the demands of outraged nature. Declare that physical intercourse is wicked and the saints reply that when they have sexual intercourse only their souls, not their bodies, are involved.

Mrs. Smith herself reached the conclusion that "emotion" is "highly contageous," that it is no mark of piety to surrender to it and that reason is a gift of God not to be despised. Once, she found, a saint had decided, as so many of her friends did, that the voice of God is only known in "the delicious thrill" of the voice within and that reason and considerations of circumstance are both to be thrown aside in obeying it, no argument was of any avail. For herself, she declared at length, religion consisted in believing in God and living a courteous and helpful life. Nor do I see any grounds for doubting the justice of her warning that "group movements" past and present, which claim divine guidance and scoff at reason, lead to misery and moral destruction.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Week-end Competitions

No. 211

Set by Frank Sidgwick

In one of the late F. Anstey's *Voces Populi* (though not in the series reprinted under that title) there lives for a glorious minute a Hyde Park reciter, who spouts the following fragment :—

> And on came them maddened 'orses, with their foicry smokin' breath,
> As were bearing' the woman I lurved to a crule and 'orrible death !
> 'Ow could I save my darlin' from laying' a mangled 'eap
> On the grorss below where the buttercups blow, along of the innercent sheep ?
> I felt my brine was a-reelin'—I adn't a minnit to lose !
> With a stifled prayer, and a gasp for air, I . to. . "

at which point he suddenly becomes aware of an overlooked penny on the grass. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for continuations of the above, carrying on from the break "I . . ." for not more than twelve and a half new lines. Competitors may either bring the tale to a culmination, or desist with a similar aposiopesis.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 6th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 209

Set by Richard Church

Springtide is the season when in times past bucolic poets turned their attention to the dairymaid Amaryllis sitting on her milking stool.

Since to-day even poetry must be up to date, let us have a twentieth-century, chromium-plated lyric in two stanzas addressed to an electric milking machine. We offer a first prize of Two Guineas, and a second prize of Half a Guinea, for the best entries.

Report by Richard Church

Of the large number of entries for this competition, only seventeen conformed by being addressed *to* the electric milking machine. The others were *about* it, and they are therefore disqualified, in spite of the high level of verse-making displayed in many of them.

I am grateful to these competitors for their carelessness, for it has made my task much lighter. Over the seventeen legitimists I have struggled valiantly, most teased, perhaps, by Gerald Summers, who has sent three entries, all of which are good. He has a gift for suave verse, and he can capture Gilbertian and Swinburnian rhythms nicely. The first prize goes to him, because of his skill in addressing the machine in a measure echoing *The Garden of Proserpine*.

The second prize goes to Janet Jekyll, because of all the competitors she alone addresses the machine in terms of real affection and intimate knowledge. She alone is willing to sacrifice something for the beloved. And in addition to these admirable sincerities she is a true modern in the images by which she expresses them. I almost doubt whether she is old-fashioned flesh and blood, as humans were before 1920 or thereabouts.

I should mention Sir Horace Monro because, in his ecstasy, he has invented a new word, "electrogalactology." That is almost worth a prize—or a death sentence ! Another competitor worthy of mention is N. V. Sanderson, who has written a lively parody of Dekker's anthological lyric on Divine Content.

FIRST PRIZE
TO AN ELECTRIC MILKING MACHINE

Where rude hands robbed tyrannically
The stubborn udder's store,
With suaver stroke, mechanically,
You milk kine by the score ;
As swift as eyelid's flicker,
Through tubes like silk (though thicker)
You guide the anxious liquor
T'wards tanks that line the floor.

The byre, what is it now like ?
A loud hum, as of bees—
The sound that calf and cow like—
The dairy-man at ease,
A distant motor purring,
Full udders gently stirring—
The whole affair inferring
A cute hygienic wheeze.

GERALD SUMMERS

APRIL RECORDS-
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SECOND PRIZE

TO AN ALFA-LAVAL MACHINE WORKED BY ELECTRICITY

I

Sweet Alfa-Laval, let us get a move on,
Though Spring is here we have no time to lose
Together we a score of cows must tackle,
Or die in the attempt—or rather fuse!

II

I'll give our unit heaps of lubrication,
Let your pulsator use the power that's stored
O priceless milker, rather than desert you
I'd change my Puss-Moth for a fifth-rate Ford!

JANET JEKYLL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 66.—HOT CROSS BUNS

"This year," Mrs. Brown told me, "there was the usual large consumption of buns by my offspring, in spite of my brother Tom's efforts to keep it down."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He offered each child a sum of money calculated as follows: one penny for every bun eaten by the others, less twopence for every bun eaten by the recipient."

"What did they say to that?"

"Edna said: 'How scrumptious, both buns and money.'

"George said: 'Do we have to do our own arithmetic?'

"Clara said: 'I'll bet I win the most,' and Muriel merely said: 'Golly.'"

"And the others?"

"I forget what they said."

"I suppose," I said, "that some of the kids got nothing?"

"No, they all got something," said Mrs. Brown. "All different sums, by the way. Altogether, Tom paid out nine and eightpence."

"Did anyone refuse the buns altogether?"

"No," said Mrs. Brown with a smile, "no one went as far as that."

How many buns were eaten by each child?

(Naturally, it is not possible to assign buns to children by name. Call them No. 1, No. 2, etc., in the order of their capacity for buns.)

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PROBLEM 65.—DR. BOLUS

This problem (like that of the *Legatees* and one or two others) has involved exceptional difficulties in draftsmanship. To begin with, some words were inadvertently omitted: I sent a correction by post to all solvers on the active list. But such solutions as have reached me completely miss the point of the problem. I therefore restate it in words which (I hope) cannot possibly be misinterpreted, and am extending the closing date to Tuesday week (*i.e.*, as for Problem 66). Here the problem is:

DR. BOLUS

My old friend Bolus is a thorough crank, as well as a great believer in whatever will economise effort. Thus, he supports the 24-hour clock, simplified spelling, a universal language and so on; also, "provisionally," as he puts it, the metric system. And his two daughters, who attend the preparatory school where I teach, are being trained in his ideas.

The other night I was discussing their future with the doctor. "I'm pretty well off," he told me, "and every year, on the first of January, I put by a certain sum of money for each girl. That sum is calculated, as follows: I take her age in years on her last birthday and multiply it by itself, and that is the number of pounds that I put by for each girl. Now, here's a problem for you." He consulted a notebook. "I have here the amounts which last year I added to each child's account. The difference between these two sums I reckon to be £49. How much did each child get?"

What were the two sums recorded in the doctor's notebook?

PROBLEM 64.—CAUCUS RACES

There were *thirty* participants in the Caucus Races. Experiment will show that the only sum of money which conforms to the conditions of the problem is 38*s.*, which can be partitioned among 29 people in 30 different ways. The total of the largest terms in the several partitions is 158*s.*; Poppleby collected 148*s.* (the "biggest prize of all" being 10*s.*) and paid out 38*s.* This leaves him a winner of £5 10*s.*

"A most interesting problem, in my opinion quite the best since I have been doing them."—C. W. L.

PROBLEM 63.—HEAD PREFECT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: "H. M. H."

There were thirty-seven correct and fifteen incorrect solutions. *Six* points are awarded.

TO SOLVERS

For my own guidance, I should be grateful if solvers would indicate below, and send with their next solutions, their order of preference for the following problems. All these have been set fairly recently:

Problem.	Order of Preference.
Cues.	
Tangent.	
The League of Nations.	
Private Wire.	
Caucus Races.	
Hot Cross Buns.	
Dudpore.	
Confusion at the Rectory.	
Joyville.	

In return for this assistance I will award three books of Epigrams to the senders of the three lists which most closely approximate to my own.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

A RECORD YEAR

LORD CLWYD'S ADDRESS

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Members of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution was held on Tuesday at Southern House, Cannon Street Station, E.C.

The Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Clwyd, in presenting the Report and moving the adoption of the Balance Sheet, said:

The first matter dealt with in the Annual Report before you is the New Business, and I think that you will agree that we may congratulate ourselves on a highly successful year. New assurances were granted for £3,872,000, an increase of more than £300,000 over the amount completed in the previous year, and the largest volume of New Business transacted in any year in the history of the Institution. Only ten years ago we regarded two million as the amount to be aimed at, whereas now we are getting within measurable distance of the four million mark. New business figures are not, of course, the sole criterion of prosperity, but it may be assumed that an Office which steadily increases its new assurances year by year is one which commands the confidence of the insuring public.

In an Office which has for many years been doing a steadily increasing new business, the sum paid in Claims, both by death and maturity naturally tends to increase year by year. It is not surprising, therefore, that the amount payable under maturing Endowment Assurances shows a substantial increase over the previous year, £535,000 against £416,000. As, however, full provision is made for meeting these claims as they arise, the yearly increase in the amounts due need cause no concern.

Claims by death are in a somewhat different category. Mortality is a fluctuating element and considerable variations may be experienced as between one year and another. The year 1933 was an exceptionally favourable one in this respect, and our claims by death were over £80,000 less than those of the previous year. There was thus a substantial increase in the profit from mortality.

It will perhaps be appropriate, while I am dealing with this subject, to refer to the mortality statistics which you will find on the second page of the Report. Set forth there are the numbers and amounts of policies which became claims by death during the year, together with the corresponding numbers and amounts of claims which should have occurred on the basis of the mortality tables which we use in calculating the Institution's liabilities. It will be seen that the ratio of actual to "expected" deaths is under 54 per cent. in the Temperance Section and rather over 60 per cent. in the General Section. The Temperance Section, in accordance with our experience, shows a distinctly lower ratio of actual to "expected" deaths than the General, but in both sections the experience is appreciably more favourable than usual.

The Life Assurance Fund has increased during the year by £750,000, which represents about the normal rate of progress. The net rate of interest earned on the Fund was £4 1s. 7d. per cent. after deduction of income tax.

Our Premium Income continues to expand and now stands at £1,347,652 per annum, or if single premiums be added, £1,552,915. The ratio of the expenses of management and commission to this latter sum is under 13 per cent.

I think you will agree that these facts demonstrate the strength of the Institution. Progress, without being meteoric, is steadily maintained. Sensational figures can always be attained if one is prepared to pay heavily enough, but our policy is to secure a steady flow of new business without incurring undue expense, and we are convinced that this policy is in the best interests of a Mutual Institution such as ours. We look to our members to co-operate in this object by placing their further assurances with the Institution and advising their friends to do likewise.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION

Turning now for a moment to the present financial position of the Institution, those who have followed the records of the Balance Sheets will have noted the continued expansion in the value of the Institution's assets. If the present Balance Sheet is compared with that of 1928, you will find that the investment assets have risen £4,400,000 from £17,000,000 to £21,400,000.

Another point of material interest is that our Stock Exchange Securities, as you will have observed, are taken at or under the values at which they stood on the 31st December, 1932, and it is not necessary for me to state that the Institution has participated substantially in the general expansion which has occurred during the past year in the value of Stock Exchange Securities.

No words of mine are required to emphasise the importance of this fact.

It will not, however, be necessary to remind you that, whilst we have secured a full share of the appreciation in the value of our assets, due to many causes, the corollary to the rise in values and to the restriction of the area of safe investment has been a decline in the rate of interest at which we are able safely to invest our money. The downward trend in the average rate of interest earned upon our investments is shown when I point out that five years ago the average net rate was £4 10s. 4d. per cent. The net rate to-day, as shown in the Report, is £4 1s. 7d. per cent.

It is, of course, impossible to forecast the future in regard to the rate of interest, but I think that, pending a substantial recovery in trade, we shall have to face the possibility of the interest upon sound securities reaching even a lower point than at present is the case.

This is a matter which must receive, and is receiving, the close attention of the Board.

VALUE OF LIFE ASSURANCE

I will conclude by emphasising the prime importance of Life Assurance under the unparalleled uncertainties which now surround us. If ever there was a time when upon every ground it was desirable to take steps to safeguard the future against the inevitable risks of life, surely it is to-day. I claim that our Institution, upon the facts disclosed in the Report and Balance Sheet, has resources which are not only sufficient to meet all the demands of the future, but are such as enable us to offer to present and future policyholders advantages which will compare favourably with those of any first-rank Assurance Office in the country.

The Chairman having moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts Sir R. Murray Hyslop, J.P., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

RHEUMATISM

HOW TO RELIEVE IT

Although the cause of rheumatism in some cases is obscure, authorities are agreed that incomplete elimination of uric acid is responsible for about 90 per cent. of those attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, neuritis, and other painful symptoms commonly known as "rheumatics." Sufferers from these afflictions can always obtain relief and secure immunity by resorting to Bishop's Varalettes which contain the most powerful solvents and eliminants of uric acid known to medical science. Bishop's Varalettes clear the blood of free uric acid; they dissolve the flinty needle-like uratic crystals and eliminate them through the natural channel—the kidneys.

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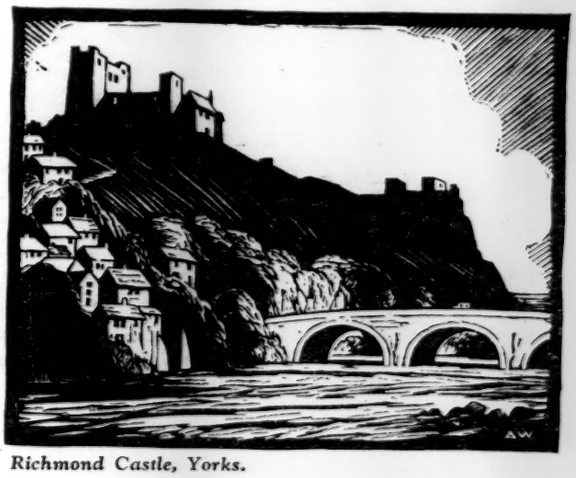

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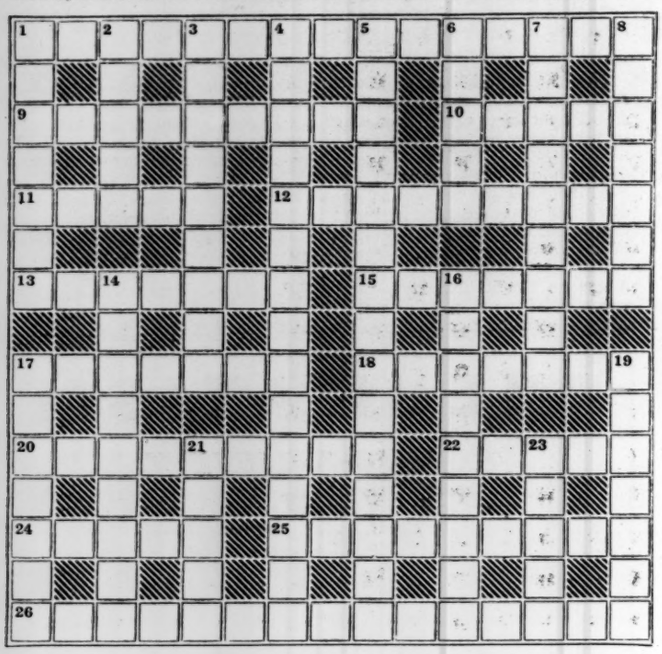
TT. 1348

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 212

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mrs. W. I. Bridgman, Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon, Devon.

ACROSS.

1. The girth of a seaman?
9. Should be shaken before taken.
10. One thing Caliban knew how to do.
11. Is always falling out.
12. Birds found in a forest on the Cambrian border.
13. The sort of agreement one might expect in a song bird's nest.
15. Doubled, then proceed to an Eastern capital.
17. Ancient city that suffered from too much dust.
18. Wheel-less barrow.
20. Epithet for the legs of a running blue.
22. Uplifting element in approbation.
24. Undine penniless after changing.
25. Pocket lining.
26. Lion-footed creatures of shreds and patches.

DOWN

1. "—— shall sleep no more."
2. Hercules makes a false start.
3. Gruffanuff got his job because he could say this rudely.
4. I draw, Divine Lady, to make shareholders' profit.
5. Latin function of a lord lieutenant.
6. Sounds like mother rook, but has brighter plumage.
7. A victim of to-morrow.
8. The second wife's victim in romance.
14. Painter.
16. Can Muriel turn to this?
17. Red and white symbol of a double sovereignty in antiquity.
19. Used on hot metal or snow.
21. Appropriate arch for a beggar.
23. A famous Mr. Jones announces that he is entering.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTES:—Grot—"A garden is a lovesome thing"; Cypress—*Twelfth Night*, II, 4.

B	I	F	F	I	N	S	■	F	U	C	H	S	I	A
U	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	L	■	H	■	O	■	L
L	I	L	Y	O	F	T	H	E	V	A	L	L	E	Y
R	■	B	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	S
U	T	E	N	S	I	L	■	C	A	L	A	M	U	S
S	■	R	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	U
H	A	T	E	D	■	■	■	■	■	C	A	N	E	M
■	■	■	■	E	M	B	■	A	R	K	■	■	■	■
C	A	V	E	■	■	A	■	D	■	■	G	R	O	T
Y	■	E	■	A	N	N	■	U	A	L	■	E	■	O
P	A	R	K	S	■	D	A	M	■	O	R	D	E	R
R	■	B	■	P	■	A	■	B	■	O	■	W	■	R
E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	R	I	M	R	O	S	E
S	■	N	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	O	■	F
S	T	A	M	E	N	S	■	L	A	D	Y	D	A	Y

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Easter Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat. **The Merchant of Venice.**

COMEDY. **First Episode.** Thurs. & Sat.

DUCHESS. **Laburnum Grove.** Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. **Without Witness.** W.&S.

GLOBE. **Double Door.** Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. **Mr. Whittington.** Th. & Sat.

PALACE. **Gay Divorce.** Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. **The Old Folks at Home.** W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat. **The Late Christopher Bean.**

S. MARTIN'S. **The Wind & the Rain.** M.Tu.F.

STRAND. **"The Bride — — —."** Wed. & Th.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). Evenings 8.15. Mats., Easter Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
FRANKLIN DYALL, MARIE NEY
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Last Night April 7. (April 9, BACK TO VARIETY.)

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
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"THE GOLDEN TOY."
A Romantic Play by Carl Zückmayer.

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Mon., April 2, at 5 & 8.15. Tues.-Fri., 8, Sat., 5 & 8.15.
THE GHOST TRAIN, by Arnold Ridley.
Produced by Brian Oulton. Extra Mat., Easter Mon. at 5.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Extra Mat., Easter Mon., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar 5122.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed., Sat. and Easter Mon., 2.30.
WITHOUT WITNESS.
Nicholas Hannen, Joan Marion, Hugh E. Wright.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs. 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE & OWEN NARES in
DOUBLE DOOR.
CAROL GOODNER. SEBASTIAN SHAW.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evenings 8.30. Mats., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
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With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
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The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evgs., 8.30. Easter Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

STRAND. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs. Tem. 2660.
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Applications should be accompanied by the names of not less than three persons to whom reference may be made as to the candidates' qualifications.

Further particulars may be obtained from
C. G. BURTON,
March, 1934. Secretary.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THIS CURRENCY STABILISATION NONSENSE—ARGENTINE EXPORTS AND BONDS—GERMANY CONTINUED

A GOOD laugh was provided by the financial press on Monday, when it headlined a resolution of the International Chamber of Commerce—"that the present moment represents a unique opportunity of taking a decided step forward" towards world monetary stabilisation. What claims have these international traders to be heard? They fortify themselves with a long memorandum from Professor Gregory, but there are a number of economists who would disagree with every word that Professor Gregory has written. The International Chamber of Commerce should take a few lessons in elementary practical politics as well as economics before rushing into such heavy print. In the first place, their facts are not right. "It may be said," they write, "that a kind of natural equilibrium has established itself in virtue of which costs and prices in those countries in which they were previously most out of line with one another have become more adjusted than at any time since the onset of the world depression. These adjustments have taken place while a certain number of countries have adhered to the gold standard. . . . This *de facto* equilibrium has therefore been arrived at on the tacit assumption that no new disturbing factors would manifest themselves." It is rare to find so much nonsense compressed into so little space. Because exchange rates have lately been moving within narrow limits, it does not mean that there is equilibrium in the sense that national costs and prices have been adjusted to international exchange rates. The disequilibrium set up by the devaluation of the dollar has not yet been corrected. The dollar is undervalued in relation to the £, and much more so in relation to the gold currencies. We have not escaped from our dilemma of a £ under-valued in relation to the gold currencies, or over-valued in relation to the dollar, by refusing to consider it. If the comparative internal price levels are taken into account, the dollar should be quoted at about 4.70 in terms of the £ against the present rate of 5.09. The present stability in exchange rates is probably a lull before a storm. At any moment Germany may be forced off the gold standard. Other countries nominally on gold may follow the example of America and Czechoslovakia and devalue. In six months' time the American farmer may be so displeased with the level of agricultural prices that President Roosevelt will devalue the dollar to 50 cents of gold. If the International Chamber of Commerce would only take off their gold-tinted spectacles they would see that a currency fight is still going on.

* * *

When President Roosevelt embarked upon his gold-buying policy we urged the British Government to enter into negotiations for a provisional exchange stabilisation before it was too late. But now that the dollar has been artificially depreciated and forcibly devalued, it is too late to do anything but hope and pray for the gold standard countries to devalue their currencies. The International Chamber of Commerce is fearful that a new wave of currency instability, due to the abandonment of the gold standard by any important country now adhering to it, would lead to a further fall in the world level of prices, but equilibrium in the exchanges will come, not by an abandonment of the gold standard but by a devaluation overnight of the principal gold currencies. The leading economists in France realise that either the franc must be devalued by 15 per cent., or a further drastic deflation must be carried out; but in the present temper of the people deflation is a dangerous expedient. The first strong government in France will surely take the decision to devalue, rather than force the economic issue to be fought out in the streets of Paris. We agree that growth in the volume of international trade is an urgent need—the value of world imports and exports in January, 1934, was still below that of January, 1933—but it will not be secured by artificial stabilisation of present exchange rates.

* * *

The Argentine Minister of Finance showed his good sense when he told a deputation of importers that the Argentine Government had no intention of stabilising the peso. The Argentine trade returns are now rendered in paper pesos, and the December and January figures show a decided turn for the better—exports rising to 118 and 152.6 million pesos respectively against 75½ and 102½ million pesos in the corresponding months of 1932-33. In December and January last there was an export surplus of some 105 million pesos together. In 1933 the export surplus was only 223.3 million paper pesos as compared with 451½ million paper pesos in 1932. A better cover is, therefore, promised for the debt service this year. Under the exchange agreement with Great Britain the Argentine Government undertook to allocate the whole of the sterling exchange arising from the sale of Argentine produce in Great Britain for the purpose of meeting remittances to this country after deducting an amount towards the national debt service. The wording of the clause was somewhat ambiguous, but some optimists believe that the service of the British debt was made a first charge on the sale of Argentine produce in Great Britain. If we ignore for the moment the provincial, municipal and railway debt, the annual service of the Argentine Federal Government debt requires some 130 million paper pesos, of which the British portion would take some 43 million paper pesos. Unless the export returns fall off in the current year, the Argentine sterling bonds should be well covered. The prospect of an advance in wheat prices is somewhat dim, but higher prices should be realised for maize on account of the failure of the crops in other maize-producing countries. Although some districts are suffering from lack of moisture, the maize crop in the Argentine is expected to be a "good average"—at any rate, much better than last year. Argentine bonds have been a gradually improving market on both the London and New York stock exchanges, but whereas in London one has to pay 79 for a 4 per cent. Roca bond to yield 5.06 per cent., in New York one can buy 6 per cent. bonds, 1961, at 70½ to yield 8.51 per cent. annually and nearly 9 per cent. to redemption.

* * *

To continue the story of the German bond default—the Government is bringing forward a Bill to control imports of raw materials and semi-finished goods, the object being to secure adequate supplies of indispensable products (? and war materials) to the exclusion of less important goods. The Bill is necessitated by the further deterioration in the Reichsbank gold position. Will Dr. Schacht be forced to retire? If he goes the inflation section in the Nazi Party may gain the upper hand, and the gold standard may be suspended together with the service of the foreign debt. Or they may discriminate against "political" debt.

THE
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During the past two years interest has been allowed on all current accounts at the rate of 2% per annum.
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COMPANY MEETING

VICKERS, LIMITED

The Sixty-seventh Annual General Meeting of Vickers Ltd. was held in London on Monday last. General the Hon. Sir Herbert Lawrence, G.C.B., chairman, presided and said (in part):—

The net profit is £543,364, an increase of £14,326 compared with 1932. The directors recommend a payment of a dividend of 4 per cent. on the Ordinary Share capital, the carry forward being increased by £2,019.

I am pleased to state that our relations with the three Defence Services continue to be satisfactory, and although, as an armament firm, we are the subject of opprobrium in certain quarters, we claim that so long as our products are necessary for the defence of the Empire, we are rendering a national service—and, as our trading results show—without any large reward to our shareholders. So far as Vickers Limited is concerned, the inflated profits of private armament firms exist only in the imagination of ill-informed critics.

Having regard to statements which have appeared in certain sections of the Press, I would emphasise that no company in the Vickers group is a member of any international armament ring—in fact, on the contrary, there is the keenest competition to secure orders from any country which is strengthening its defences and has not itself the necessary manufacturing resources available.

Further, in this country—and in this country alone—the export of armaments is forbidden except with the approval of the Government, and sanctions are not granted to your company if it is considered detrimental to the national interests for such orders to be executed here. There are also certain types of armament on the "secret list" which your company is not allowed to demonstrate to potential foreign buyers.

The control of private armament manufacturers in this country is far more potent than is generally believed to be the case.

It is not easy to understand the prejudice which appears to exist among a small section of the public against so-called armament firms, which are just as much part of the defence system of this country as the forts defending the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.

The Government control over the export of arms from this country is effective, and not only do we gladly co-operate with the various Government Departments responsible for supervision, but carry out their instructions fully. I repeat that the companies in the Vickers group are not members of any international armament ring, that they take no part in politics either in this country or abroad, and that neither directly nor indirectly have they any control over or influence with any British or foreign newspapers. The Chairman then dealt with the various subsidiary companies and replied to questions prior to the adoption of report and dividend resolution being carried.

COMPANY MEETING

PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES, LTD.

MENACE OF OVER-BUILDING

The 24th annual general meeting of Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., was held on March 28th at Film House, 142-150, Wardour Street, London, W.

Mr. Mark Ostrer (the Chairman) said that the total of the assets in which there were no intangible assets of any kind was shown in the balance sheet as £7,424,963, against £7,405,714 last year. The net profit for the year, including income from investments, amounted to £159,489, which was £49,158 less than that of the year to 31st January, 1933. The directors recommended a dividend on the ordinary shares at the usual rate of 15 per cent., this being the seventh consecutive year that that dividend had been maintained. Their subsidiary companies had had another successful year. The principal one, Associated Provincial Picture Houses, Ltd., paid 10 per cent. on its ordinary shares, and Albany Ward Theatres, Ltd., 8¾ per cent., both the same as in the previous year. The Gaumont Palace at Cheltenham was opened in March; the Gaumont Palace, Derby, would be opened in September, and the Gaumont Palace, Chelsea, in December. Those theatres should considerably strengthen the position of the company. The company was closely associated with the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, and had been able to book pictures of that company on advantageous terms, the films being well received and the financial results satisfactory.

Referring to the over-building of cinemas, the Chairman quoted the recent annual report of the General Council of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association as stating "Over-building in many areas seems to result from the crazy impression prevalent in so many quarters that the cinema is an assured 20 per cent. investment. Your General Council only wishes it were so. To-day it is difficult to make a small profit in face of the very keen competition, and if all the schemes for the erection of cinemas materialize there will be a number built of which it is safe to phophesy will never be of any value at any price at any time. The investors who have sunk their money may find themselves with a building which has no value as a cinema and is useless for conversion to any other purpose. To tackle the question presents your General Council with a problem bristling with difficulties." The directors entirely agreed with those views. A Committee to deal with the situation was under consideration, and in his opinion it would be effectively dealt with in the near future.

The report was adopted.

An Income of nearly 4¾ per cent.

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An investment in 24 of the strongest and soundest companies in British industry.

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Royal Exchange Assurance, established by Royal Charter in 1720, are the Trustees. They issue the sub-unit Certificates, collect and distribute dividends on the underlying securities and safeguard the interests of Certificate holders generally.

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The minimum number of sub-units which may be purchased initially is 20, costing about £20. A brochure containing full particulars of the investment may be obtained, and Certificates may be purchased, through any branch of:

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